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AND

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SIR E. B. LYTTON'S *LUCRETIA*.

A NEW novel from the pen of an author so distinguished as Sir Edward Lytton called upon us for an immediate recognition last Saturday, when we stated the impression made upon us by the portion we had then had time to peruse. That impression has been confirmed and strengthened by the whole work; and those who have felt the powerful interest which the author could awake by the familiar story of *Engene Aram*, will be prepared to appreciate the deeper excitement of this tale of crime, horror, and punishment.

"Not with fear, not with doubt, recognise, O mortal, the presence of evil in the world. Hush thy heart in the humbleness of awe, that its mirror may reflect as serenely the shadow as the light. Vainly for its moral dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul puts no check on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of truth, where the cherub shall comfort the sorrow, where the seraph shall enlighten the joy. Dark, as ebony spreads the one wing, white as snow gleams the other—mournful as thy reason when it descends into the deep—exulting as thy faith when it springs to the day-star."

"Not, indeed," adds the author—leaving the general proposition so eloquently put, to address its truth to his own composition—"not, indeed, that the evil here narrated is the ordinary evil of the world. The lesson it inculcates would be lost if so construed; but that the mystery of evil, whatever its degree, only increases the necessity of faith in the vindication of the contrivance which requires infinity for its range, and eternity for its consummation. It is in the existence of evil that man finds his duties, and his soul its progress."

The principal characters are limned with terrible force; and did we not know that they were drawn from life, we could not believe that they were natural. Natural, in one sense of the word, they are not; but, on the contrary, most bloody, cruel, and unnatural; and it is with terror that men are compelled into the knowledge, by undeniable facts, that such fellow-creatures, in the shape of human beings, have existed, do exist, and will continue to stain the fair earth to the end of time. *Lucretia* and *Varney*, the two murderers of this tale, are declared to be drawn from two criminals who acted separately, and were only not combined as intimates and accomplices, as in the novel; and, in fact, the male character was vomited forth from the London circles of middle rank, not so many years ago as to be out of the memory of many who continue to fill their stations there. The trial of *Wainwright*, and his escape from an ignominious death, were supposed to be connected with even a more fearful amount of villainy and bloodshed than is compassed within the appalling revelations in these volumes. We are not aware from whom the female portrait is taken. There is one ingredient which impairs the probability of such murderous conspiracies as are here recorded; and it is fully infused by the plan of intimately connecting the two great conspirators. The mind cannot be brought to recognise the fact of giving voice and utterance to the devilish designs. It seems as if they should be understood without speech; and, as it were, by a mysterious instinct. Did we not see that the deeds could not be perpetrated without previous communion and concert, we could not credit the infernal reality that they must have been deliberately concocted and arranged in detail, by the intercommunication

of human organs. We can conceive an individual brooding over wrongs, or stimulated by desperate inducements, being led to commit murder; but it racks the imagination to embody the idea of two or more persons speaking with each other, and contriving in cold blood how they can most surely accomplish the death of a fellow-being.

But whilst we are contemplating these monsters, and confessing the truth of the moral drawn from their atrocious course by the author, there is a lower lesson which may probably escape application. We are bad, and have vices, and do wrong; but far be our souls from murder, or the commission of such damned crimes as these: by comparison we are harmless, innocent, and pure. This is the flattering unctious which, if it smoothes not the path to these very enormities, transgressing the bounds of ordinary guilt, is the fertile source of a wider diffusion of misery. The hard-heartedness which can look upon distress without sympathy, and suffering without aid, is but next akin to assassination: the murderer may kill one or two by violence, the merciless permit hundreds to perish whom they could succour and save. What is wanting in direct injury, is made up by the far greater breadth of evils indirectly caused by selfishness and want of feeling. And so it runs through all the varieties of human sins and sorrows. The active strikes and ravages but here and there; the permissive spreads over the face of the universe, and grief, and pain, and death are its fruits every where. There is wickedness among mankind more ruthless and unsparring than ghastly Murder. To exemplify this has been the aim of Sir E. B. Lytton; and we only offer our own brief remarks (in opposition to the writer's idea, pref. p. ix.)† to point the whole scope of the lesson, from an apprehension that the minor and less striking inculcations may be swallowed up or lost sight of amid the more salient demonism of fiendish depravity. But the object is well explained in the preface. Having contemplated, and indeed essayed, to work out the subject for the stage, the author says:

"After some unpublished and imperfect attempts towards so realising my design, I found either that the subject was too wide for the limits of the drama, or that I wanted that faculty of concentration which alone enables the dramatist to compress multifarious varieties into a very limited compass. With this design, I desired to unite some exhibition of what seems to me a principal vice in the hot and emulous chase for happiness or fame, fortune or knowledge, which is almost synonymous with the cant phrase of 'the March of Intellect,' in that crisis of society to which we have arrived. The vice I allude to is Impatience. That eager desire to press forward—not so much to conquer obstacles, as to elude them; that gambling with the solemn destinies of life, seeking ever to set success upon the chance of a die; that hastening from the wish conceived to the end accomplished; that thirst after quick returns to ingenious toil, and breathless spurtings along short cuts to the goal, which we see everywhere around us, from the Mechanics' Institute to the Stock Market,—beginning in education with the primers of infancy—deluging us with 'Philosophies for the Million,' and 'Sciences made easy;' characterising the books of our writers, the speeches of our statesmen, no less than the dealings of our speculators,—seem, I confess, to me, to constitute a very diseased and very general symptom of the times. I hold that the greatest friend to man is labour; that knowledge without toil, if possible, were worthless; that toil in pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we can attain; that the continuous effort for fame is nobler than fame itself; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth,—the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed: in a word, that Labour and Patience are the true schoolmasters on earth."

The narrative is divided into two parts, with a void of nearly thirty years between them; and, of course, the majority of the actors in the former generation have passed to the tomb, but the principals remain, and furnish the sequel of a matured hell from the incarnation of a youthful corruption. The opening chapter describes a frightful scene in the French revolution, wherein the father takes the son, a boy (the former playing a leading part in the first, and the latter in the second part of the *Children of Night*) to witness the execution of his mother; out of which springs much of plot, elaborated throughout the entire three volumes. *Dalibard*, the father, on the fall of his friend *Robespierre*, becomes a refugee in England, bringing with him his no less atrocious offspring, *Varney*; and the two are complicated with the English *dramatis persone*, including *Lucretia*, to whose uncle *Dalibard* is made librarian, and obtains thus the opportunity to infuse his poison into the breast of the niece and acknowledged heirress to the vast estates of Sir Miles St. John. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind; and it is in tracing that terrible worse that the author exercises all his ability and power.

As we must avoid depriving our readers of any of the deep interest attached to the development of the errant principles to which we have alluded, from the sowing of the seed to the reaping of the harvest, we find a more than usual difficulty in affording even a shadowy notion or outline of this production. Our selections are limited to short episodes, or moral deductions and general observations of a philosophical kind; but they are forcible and pregnant with meaning, and we may therefore avail ourselves of a few of them, and steer clear of the secrets of the plot. Of *Lucretia* and her uncle we read:

† Our argument may be illustrated by the author's observation on crime of a less abhorrent quality: he is speaking of the vile tool of an attorney (driven from his profession, and practising among thieves and other wretches), who has just committed a direct heartless robbery; and he exclaims: "And yet why, O lawyer, should rigid moralists blame thee more than such of thy tribe as live honoured and respectable upon the frail and the poor? Who among them ever left off or mottos while a rap could be wrung from either? Matters it to *Astrea* whether the spoliation be made thus nakedly and briefly, or by all the acknowledged forms in which item on item, six-and-eightpence on six-and-eightpence, the inexorable hand closes, at length, on the last farthing of duped despair? Not—heaven forbid!—that we make thee, foul *Nicholas Grabman*, a type for all the class called attorneys-at-law! Noble hearts, liberal minds, are there amongst that brotherhood we know, and have experienced; but a type art thou of those whom want, and error, and need have proved—alas, too well!—the lawyers of the poor. And even while we write, and even while ye read, many a *Grabman* steals from helpless toil the savings of a life."

Enlarged 49.]

"There was much in her external gifts which justified the predilection of the haughty man. As a child she was beautiful, and, perhaps from her very imperfections of temper, her beauty had that air of distinction which the love of command is apt to confer. If Sir Miles was with his friends when Lucretia swept into the room, he was pleased to hear them call her their little 'princess,' and pleased yet more at a certain dignified tranquillity with which she received their caresses or their toys, and which he regarded as the sign of a superior mind: nor was it long, indeed, before what we call a superior mind developed itself in the young Lucretia. All children are quick till they are set methodically to study; but Lucretia's quickness defied even that numbing ordeal, by which half of us are rendered dunces. Rapidity and precision in all the tasks set to her, in the comprehension of all the explanations given to her questions, evinced singular powers of readiness and reasoning. As she grew older she became more reserved and thoughtful. Seeing but few children of her own age, and mixing intimately with none, her mind was debarred from the usual objects which distract the vivacity, the restless and wondrous observation, of childhood. She came in and out of Sir Miles's library of a morning, or his drawing-room of an evening, till her hour for rest, with unquestioned and sometimes unnoticed freedom; she listened to the conversation around her, and formed her own conclusions unchecked. It has a great influence upon a child, whether for good or for evil, to mix early and habitually with those grown up; for good to the mere intellect always, the evil depends upon the character and discretion of those the child sees and hears.—*Mar-tina reverentia debet liberis*—"The greatest reverence is due to children," exclaims the wisest of the Romans; that is to say, that we must revere the candour, and inexperience, and innocence of their minds."

This reverence was not paid to her, and the results, together with other causes, were the unholy formation of a miscreant poisoner. The boy, Varney, is a yet younger example of calculating villany and passions bred in the very bone; and we would fain hope, for the sake of infant years, overcharged in the intricate and atrocious drawing. Yet "these two strange persons had indeed apparently that sort of sentimental familiarity which is sometimes seen between a fair boy and a girl much older than himself; but the attraction that drew them together was an indefinable instinct of their similarity in many traits of their several characters,—the whelp leopard sported fearlessly round the she-panther." The she-panther deceives her proud and confiding uncle, and the description is at once affecting and grand:

"He bowed his head over his hands, and tears forced themselves through his fingers. He was long before he had courage to read the letter, though he little foreboded all the shock that it would give him. It was the first letter not destined to himself of which he had ever broken the seal. Even that recollection made the honourable old man pause; but his duty was plain and evident, as head of the house, and guardian to his niece. Thrice he wiped his spectacles; still they were dim—still the tears would come. He rose tremblingly, walked to the window, and saw the stately deer grouped in the distance, saw the church spire, that rose above the burial-vault of his ancestors, and his heart sunk deeper and deeper, as he muttered—'Vain pride! pride!' Then he crept to the door and locked it; and at last seating himself firmly, as a wounded man to some terrible operation, he read the letter. Heaven support thee, old man! thou hast to pass through the bitterest trial which honour and affection can undergo—household treason! When the wife lifts high the blushing front, and brazens out her guilt; when the child, with loud voice, throws off all control, and makes boast of disobedience, man revolts at the audacity: his spirit arms against his wrong;

its face, at least, is bare; the blow, if sacrilegious, is direct. But when mild words and soft kisses conceal the worst foe Fate can arm—when amidst the confidence of the heart starts up the form of Perfidy—when out from the reptile swells the fiend in its terror—when the breast on which man leaned for comfort has taken counsel to deceive him—when he learns, that day after day, the life entwined with his own has been a lie and a stage-mime, he feels not the softness of grief, nor the absorption of rage: it is mightier than grief, and more withering than rage; it is a horror that appals. The heart does not bleed; the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected; it is as if something out of the course of nature had taken place; something monstrous and out of all thought and forewarning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from the orbit of criminals: the felon has no fear of his innocent children; with a price on his head, he lays it in safety on the bosom of his wife. In his home, the ablest man, the most subtle and suspecting, can be as much a dupe as the simplest. Were it not so as the rule, and the exceptions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell! And therefore it is that to the household perfidy, in all lands, in all ages, God's curse seems to cleave, and to God's curse man abandons it: he does not honour it by hate, still less will he lighten and share the guilt by descending to revenge. He turns aside with a sickness and loathing, and leaves Nature to purify from the earth the ghastly phenomenon she abhors."

As one of the episodes which we could separate from the web without letting too much light into the whole fabric of the loom, we ought, perhaps, to have quoted the relation of the prologue, which presents us with a vivid and horrible picture of the execution of Varney's mother, which he is carried to witness by his remorseless father:

"Silently the two took their way towards the *Barrière du Trône*. At a distance they saw the crowd growing thick and dense, as throng after throng hurried past them, and the dreadful guillotine rose high in the light blue air. As they came into the skirts of the mob, the father for the first time took his child's hand. 'I must get you a good place for the show,' he said, with a quiet smile. There was something in the grave, staid, courteous, yet haughty bearing of the man, that made the crowd give way as he passed. They got near the dismal scene, and obtained entrance into a waggon already crowded with eager spectators. And now they heard at a distance the harsh and lumbering roll of the tumbril that bore the victims, and the tramp of the horses which guarded the procession of death. The boy's whole attention was absorbed in expectation of the spectacle, and his ear was, perhaps, less accustomed to French, though born and reared in France, than to the language of his mother's lips—and she was English: thus he did not hear or heed certain observations of the by-standers, which made his father's pale cheek grow paler. 'What is the batch to-day?' quoth a butcher in the waggon. 'Scarce worth the baking—only two: but one, they say, is an aristocrat—a *ci-devant* marquis,' answered a carpenter. 'Ah! a marquis!—*Bon!*—And the other?' 'Only a dancer; but a pretty one, it is true: I could pity her; but she is English.' And as he pronounced the last word, with a tone of inexplicable contempt, the butcher spat, as if in nausea. '*Mort diable!* a spy of Pitt's, no doubt. What did they discover?' A man better dressed than the rest turned round with a smile, and answered, 'Nothing worse than a lover, I believe; but that lover was a *proscrit*. The *ci-devant* marquis was caught disguised in her apartment. She betrayed for him a good easy friend of the people, who had long loved her, and revenge is sweet.' The man whom we have accompanied nervously twitched up the collar of his cloak, and his compressed lips told that he felt the anguish of the laugh that circled round him. 'They are coming! they are!' cried the boy in ecstatic excitement. 'That's the

way to bring up citizens,' said the butcher, patting the child's shoulder, and opening a still better view for him at the edge of the waggon. The crowd now abruptly gave way. The tumbril was in sight. A man, young and handsome, standing erect and with folded arms in the fatal vehicle, looked along the mob with an eye of careless scorn. Though he wore the dress of a workman, the most unpractised glance could detect, in his mien and bearing, one of the hated noblesse, whose characteristics came out even more forcibly at the hour of death. On the lip was that smile of gay and insolent levity, on the brow that gallant if reckless contempt of physical danger, which had signalled the herocoxcombs of the old régime. Even the rude dress was worn with a certain air of foppery, and the bright hair was carefully adjusted as if for the holiday of the headman. As the eyes of the young noble wandered over the fierce faces of that horrible assembly, while a roar of hideous triumph answered the look, in which for the last time the *gentilhomme* spoke his scorn of the *canaille*, the child's father lowered the collar of his cloak, and slowly raised his hat from his brow. The eye of the marquis rested upon the countenance thus abruptly shewn to him, and which suddenly became individualised amongst the crowd,—that eye instantly lost its calm contempt. A shudder passed visibly over his frame, and his cheek grew blanched with terror. The mob saw the change, but not the cause, and loud and louder rose their triumphant yell. The sound recalled the pride of the young noble; he started—lifted his crest erect, and sought again to meet the look which had appalled him. But he could no longer single it out among the crowd. Hat and cloak once more hid the face of the foe, and crowds of eager heads intercepted the view. The young marquis's lips muttered; he bent down, and then the crowd caught sight of his companion, who was being lifted up from the bottom of the tumbril, where she had flung herself in horror and despair. The crowd grew still in a moment, as the pale face of one familiar to most of them turned wildly from place to place in the dreadful scene, vainly and madly through its silence imploring life and pity. How often had the sight of that face, not then pale and haggard, but wreathed with rosy smiles, sufficed to draw down the applause of the crowded theatre—how, then, had those breasts, now fevered by the thirst of blood, held hearts spell-bound by the airy movements of that exquisite form writhing now in no stage-mime agony! Plaything of the city—minion to the light amusement of the hour—frail child of Cytherea and the Graces,—what relentless fate has conducted thee to the shambles? Butterfly of the summer, why should a nation rise to break thee upon the wheel? A sense of the mockery of such an execution, of the horrible burlesque that would sacrifice to the necessities of a mighty people so slight an offering, made itself felt among the crowd. There was a low murmur of shame and indignation. The dangerous sympathy of the mob was perceived by the officer in attendance. Hastily he made the sign to the headman, and as he did so, a child's cry was heard in the English tongue—'Mother—mpther!' The father's hand grasped the child's arm with an iron pressure; the crowd swam before the boy's eyes; the air seemed to stifle him, and become blood-red; only through the hum, and the tramp, and the roll of the drums, he heard a low voice hiss in his ear, 'Learn how they perish who betray me!' As the father said these words, again his face was bare, and the woman whose ear, amidst the dull insanity of fear, had caught the cry of her child's voice, saw that face, and fell back insensible in the arms of the headman."

A suspicion between husband and wife that each meditates the murder of the other is dreadfully painted in a single page: but here we must pause for the present.

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BRAZIL: CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces, and during the Years 1836-1841. By George Gardner, F.L.S. 8vo, pp. 562, London, Reeve, Brothers, and Co.

MR. GARDNER, occupied with his duties as superintendent of the Botanic Gardens of Ceylon, has been tardy in giving the world the story of his travels in Brazil, finished five years ago. But in their long course, and after their termination, he enriched our flora with many a valued addition, and enlarged the boundaries of botanic science, by enterprise, skill, and industry, rarely surpassed by any individual devotee. For these exertions the country has to thank him, and we can perambulate no garden at the present day which does not present to the eye the rich results of the toils of this Gardner. His work is worthily dedicated to Sir William Hooker, who could shew, in the Royal Gardens at Kew, most of the numerous specimens sent by the author from Brazil and acclimated in England. Such being the case, our course seems to be indicated; not to fall back upon botanical matters already known through many channels, but to look in the agreeable volume before us for such physical descriptions, and remarks on the natives, as must be more new to every reader, and less common than the statements of Mawe, Burchell, Spix, Martius, the Archduke Maximilian, and other visitors to and writers upon the country. Our first extract is suggested at Pernambuco:

"The palace, in which the affairs of the provincial government are now carried on, was in former times the Jesuits' College, and stands on the bank of the river; it is a large building of gloomy appearance, with walls of enormous thickness. When it was erected by these enterprising and charitable men, they little dreamed that their career was to terminate at so early a period as it did. It is handed down from father to son, particularly among the middle and lower classes of Brazil, that the destruction of Jesuitical power was a severe loss to the well-being of the country. There are of course but few alive now who have personal recollection of the excellent men who formed the 'Company of Jesus,' but the memory of them will long remain; I have always heard them spoken of with respect and with regret. What different men they must have been from the degraded race who now undertake the spiritual welfare of this nation! It is a hard thing to say, but I do it not without well considering the nature of the assertion, that the present clergy of Brazil are more debased and immoral than any other class of men. However much the Jesuits were slandered and persecuted from the jealousy of those who envied the respect in which they were held by their flocks, and the confidence which they reposed in them, enough of the good still remains to shame those who have succeeded them. More than one nation of Indians in Brazil, which, in the time of the Jesuits, had renounced their savage life and become Christians, have, since their suppression, returned to the condition from which, at so much risk, and with so much labour, they had been redeemed. Whatever were the motives of the Jesuits, they are judged of in Brazil not by them, but by their good works.

"The inhabitants of the town of Pernambuco resemble very much those of Rio, but there is a great difference in the appearance of the country people, which here, as elsewhere, are easily distinguished from the citizens. Those seen in the streets of Rio de Janeiro are a tall handsome race of men, mostly from the mining districts, or the more southerly province of San Paulo; their dress consists of a linen jacket and trousers, generally of a blue colour, brown leather boots, which are firmly tied round the leg a little above the knee, and a very high-crowned broad-brimmed white straw hat. Those, on the contrary, who frequent the city of Pernambuco are a more swarthy and more diminutive race, but still far superior in appearance to the puny citizens. There are two classes of them, the Matutos and the Sertanejos; the Matutos inhabit

the low flat country, which extends from the coast up to the high land of the interior, called the Sertao, or desert; which gives name to, and is inhabited by, the Sertanejos."

From Pernambuco Mr. Gardner journeyed to Crato, enriching his cases and his mind on the route; and of Crato we are told:

"The Villa de Crato is situated thirty-two leagues to the s.w. of Ico, and nearly in the same parallel as Pernambuco, from which it is distant in a direct line about three hundred miles; it is a small and sufficiently miserable town, being about one-third the size of Ico. It is very irregularly built, and the houses, with only one exception, are of a single story: it contains two churches and a jail; but one of the former has never been finished, and has remained so long in this state, that it has all the appearance of one that has fallen into decay. The jail is likewise in so ruined a state as scarcely to deserve the name of a prison, although there are generally a few criminals confined in it; it was guarded by two soldiers who performed their duty so easily, that in passing I seldom saw them otherwise occupied than either in playing cards or sleeping in the shade of the building; a sergeant who was confined during my stay in this place for disobedience to his officer, was known almost every night to get out by one of the windows, which have only wooden bars, when, after sleeping in his own house, he returned to spend the day in prison. The whole population amounts probably to about two thousand, the greater part of whom are either Indians or their mixed descendants; the more respectable portion of the inhabitants are Brazilians, who for the most part are shopkeepers; but how the poorer races gain a livelihood I am at a loss to determine. The inhabitants of this part of the province, who are generally known by the Indian appellation of Caryris, are celebrated throughout Brazil for their lawless character; it formerly used to be, and still is, though not to the same extent, a place of refuge to murderers and vagabonds of all sorts from other parts of the country; and although it contains a justice of the peace, a Juiz de Direito, and other officials of the law, they possess but little power; and even if that little be exercised, they run great risk of falling under the knife of the assassin; several murderers were pointed out to me, who walked about quite openly. The principal danger to which they are exposed is from the friends of the person they have murdered, who follow them to a great distance, and lose no opportunity of seeking their revenge. The state of morality generally among the inhabitants of Crato is at a very low ebb; card playing is the principal occupation during the day, when in fine weather groups of all classes, from those called the great people (*gente grande*) to the lowest, may be observed seated on the pavement on the shaded side of the street deeply employed in gambling; the more respectable generally play for dollars, the poorer either for copper money, or more commonly make use of large spotted beans in lieu of counters; quarrels on these occasions are of course very common, which are not unfrequently settled with the knife. Scarcely any of the better class live with their wives: a few years after their marriage they generally turn them out of the house to live separately, and replace them by young women who are willing to supply their place without being bound by the ties of matrimony: in this manner these people have two houses to keep up. Among others who are living in this condition, I may mention the Juiz de Direito, the Juiz dos Orfaos, and most of the larger shopkeepers. Such a state of immorality is not to be wondered at, when the conduct of the clergy is taken into consideration; the vicar (vigario), who was then an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, is the father of six natural children, one of whom was educated as a priest, afterwards became president of the province, and was then a senator of the empire, although still retaining his clerical title. During my stay in Crato he arrived there on a visit to his father, bringing with him his

mistress, who was his own cousin, and eight children out of ten he had by her, having at the same time five other children by another woman, who died in child-bed of the sixth. Besides the vicario, there were three other priests in the town, all of whom have families by women with whom they live openly, one of them being the wife of another person. I lived about five months among these people; but in no other part of Brazil, even during a much shorter residence, did I live on less terms of intimacy with them, or make fewer friends."

The town of Natividade also supplies us with another characteristic sketch:

"Although the dress of the men is here much the same as in other northern parts of Brazil, that of the women differs greatly; for when dressed either for attending church, joining in processions, or visiting their friends, in place of the large white cotton shawl which the women of Ceará throw over their heads, or the small white handkerchief used in Piauby for the same purpose, I was rather surprised to find that here they all wore cloaks, either made of Scotch tartan or blue cloth, very similar to those worn by the factory girls of Glasgow in the winter season. Here it is a universal custom for the women to smoke; and the pipe, which has a wooden tube about three feet long, is seldom out of their mouth from morning till night. They work little, but eat and sleep a great deal; the lower classes of females are also much addicted to drinking the rum of the country (cachaça). The only prisoner confined in the jail, while I was there, was a woman, who a few years before was condemned to twenty years imprisonment, for causing her own son to kill his father. The son, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and hard labour, broke through the walls of the prison shortly after his sentence, and effected his escape.

"When we arrived, there were three priests in the villa, one of whom died during our stay. These, like most others I met with, instead of being examples of morality to the people, were immoral to an extent almost past belief. The one who died was an old man upwards of seventy-four years of age; he was a native of Santos, in the province of San Paulo, and a cousin of the celebrated José Bonifacio de Andrade. Although a man of a very humane and benevolent disposition, and well educated, he left behind him a family of half a dozen children by his own slaves, most of whom, with their mothers, were left in bondage, and were afterwards sold with his other effects for the payment of his debts. The Vigario Geral was a half-caste, upwards of forty years of age, who had only been ordained a few years before; up to that time he was, and still continues to be, the largest cattle-farmer in the district. Having acquired as much Latin from the old priest as would enable him to mumble over the service of the church, but without the least knowledge of theology, he went to the city of Goyaz, to purchase his ordination from the bishop; a short time afterwards he obtained by another purchase the vicar-generalship of the district. About a month after my arrival in the villa I was sent for to attend a young slave belonging to him, a fine girl about sixteen years of age, who died of puerperal fever a few days after giving birth to a child of which he was the father: by the inhabitants this man was as much detested as the old priest had been loved and esteemed."

We ought to mention that our countryman carried his exploring farther to the north than any previous author; and about the highest point, he gives us some curious information about the bees:

"The owner of the house where we put up for the night returned from the woods shortly after our arrival, with a considerable quantity of wild honey, some of which he kindly gave us, and we found it to be excellent; it was the product of one of the smaller bees which are so numerous in this part of Brazil. This was the season in which the people go to the woods in search of honey; it is so generally used, that after leaving Duro, a portion was presented to us at almost every house

where we stopped. These bees mostly belong to the genus *Melipona*, Illig.; and I collected a great many, which, with some other zoological specimens, were afterwards lost in crossing a river. A list of them, with their native names, and a few observations, may not be uninteresting:

1. *Jatahy*.—This is a very minute yellowish coloured species, being scarcely two lines long. The honey, which is excellent, very much resembles that of the common hive-bee of Europe.
2. *Mulher branco*.—About the same size as the *Jatahy*, but of a whitish colour; the honey is likewise good, but a little acid.
3. *Tubi*.—A little black bee, smaller than a common house-fly; the honey is good, but has a peculiar and bitter flavour.
4. *Manoel d'abreu*.—About the size of the *Tubi*, but of a yellowish colour; its honey is good.
5. *Atakira*.—Black, and nearly of the same size as the *Tubi*, the principal distinction between them consisting in the kind of entrance to their hives; the *Tubi* makes it of wax, the *Atakira* of clay; its honey is very good.
6. *Oariti*.—Of a blackish colour, and about the same size as the *Tubi*; its honey is rather sour, and not good.
7. *Tataira*.—About the size of the *Tubi*, but with a yellow body, and a black head; its honey is excellent.
8. *Mumbico*.—Black, and larger than the *Tubi*; the honey after being kept about an hour becomes as sour as lemon juice.
9. *Beju*.—Very like the *Tubi*, but smaller; its honey is excellent.
10. *Tiubá*.—Of the size of a large house-fly, and of a greyish black colour; its honey is excellent.
11. *Borá*.—About the size of a house-fly, and of a yellowish colour; its honey is acid.
12. *Urussú*.—About the size of a large humble bee; the head is black and the body yellowish; it produces good honey.
13. *Urussú preto*.—Entirely black, and upwards of one inch in length; it likewise produces good honey.
14. *Canidira*.—Black, and about the same size as the *Urussú preto*; its honey is too bitter to be eatable; it is said to be a great thief of the honey of other bees.
15. *Chupé*.—About the size of the *Tiubá*, and of a black colour; it makes its hive of clay, on the branches of trees, and is often of a very large size; its honey is good.
16. *Urapá*.—Very like the *Chupé*, but it always builds its hive rounder, flatter, and smaller.
17. *Enché*.—This is a kind of wasp, about the size of a house-fly; its head is black, and the body yellow; it builds its hive in the branches of trees; this is of a papery tissue, of about three feet in circumference; its honey is good.
18. *Enchá pequeno*.—Very similar to the last, but it always makes a smaller hive; it also produces good honey.

"The first eleven of these honey-bees construct their cells in the hollow trunks of trees, and the others either in similar situations or beneath the ground; it is only the three last kinds which sting, all the others being harmless. The only attempt I ever saw to domesticate any of these bees was by a Cornish Miner, in the Gold District, who cut off those portions of the trunks of the trees which contained the nests, and hung them up under the eaves of his house; they seemed to thrive very well, but whenever the honey was wanted, it was necessary to destroy the bees. Both the Indians and the other inhabitants of the country are very expert in tracing these insects to the trees in which they hive; they generally mix the honey, which is very fluid, with farinha before they eat it; and of the wax they make a coarse kind of taper about a yard long, which serves in lieu of candles, and which the country people bring to the villages for sale. We found these very convenient, and

always carried a sufficient stock with us; not unfrequently we were obliged to manufacture them ourselves, from the wax obtained by my own men; a coarse soft kind of cotton yarn for wicks was also to be purchased at the different fazendas and villages through which we passed."

Quoting about bees leads us to a few other notices connected with zoology which we shall simply copy, as such subjects, *sans phrase*, always gratify the intelligent reader.

Remarkable animal instinct.—"From a fisherman, whom I met on the shore, I obtained permission to occupy an empty hut till the following day. While seated on an old trunk of a tree, which was lying on the beach about high-water mark, I observed that along the shore here, as well as all along the coast, crabs of various sizes abounded; and as I had to wait for some time till my luggage was landed and carried to the hut, I amused myself by watching the operations of a small species, belonging to the genus *Gelasimus*, that was either making or enlarging its burrow in the sand. About once in every two minutes it came up to the surface with a quantity of sand enclosed in its left claw, which, by a sudden jerk, it ejected to the distance of about six inches, always taking care to vary the direction in which it was thrown, so as to prevent its accumulation in one place. Having a few small shells belonging to a species of *Turbo* in one of my jacket pockets, I endeavoured to throw one of these into its hole, in order to see whether it would bring it up again or not; of the four that were thus thrown, one only entered the hole, the others remaining within a few inches of it. It was about five minutes before the animal again made its appearance, bringing with it the shell which had gone down; and carrying it to the distance of about a foot from its burrow, it there deposited it. Seeing the others lying near the mouth of the hole, it immediately carried them, one by one, to the place where the first had been laid down, and then returned to its former labour of carrying up sand. It was impossible not to conclude that the actions of this little creature, which holds so low a station in the chain of beings, were the result of reason, rather than of blind instinct by which the actions of the inferior animals are generally thought to be guided; for man himself, under the same circumstances, could not have acted with more judgment."

Nemo me impune lacessit.—"About a league from Campos the country abounds with an arboreal species of *Jatropha*, with small white flowers, and sinuate leaves not unlike those of the holly, only larger; the footstalks of the leaves are furnished with a few long pointed prickles, and without being aware of their nature, I laid hold of a branch to collect a few specimens, but had no sooner done so than my whole hand felt as if it had been dipped into boiling oil, caused by the venom of the prickles, which in many places had punctured the skin, and it was intolerably painful for several hours: on my next attempt I was more cautious, and succeeded in obtaining a few specimens. This plant is called by the inhabitants Favella; and in the dry season they scrape down the bark and wood, which they put into the pools where the large pigeons and other birds resort; after having drunk of this poisoned water they either die or become very much stupefied, and in this state are taken and eaten by the people. On this journey we saw a great many macaws (*Araras*), but they would not allow me to come within shot of them."

Tiberias matched.—"Our first stage from Boa Esperança was the Villa de Santa Anna das Mercês; and when about two leagues from it, we halted under the shade of an Imbuzeira to dine and to give the horses a rest. The dry rocky places in this neighbourhood were covered with a little gregarious *Meloeactis*, bearing very long recurved spines; and in a moist sandy place I found many pretty annual plants. About sunset we came in sight of the villa, which is situated on a slight eminence. On entering it, we put up for the night

in a large unfinished house belonging to Padre Marcos of Boa Esperança, but we were glad to retreat from it as quickly as possible, for it was so full of fleas that we were completely covered with them; nor was it till a large fire had been kindled in the middle of the floor, that the place became at all bearable. As both Mr. Walker and I had on very long boots, we suffered much less than the blacks, whose legs, from the knees downwards, were bare: I observed that when they were kindling the fire, they would hold first one leg and then the other over the flame, and with their two hands stroke them downwards to get rid of these annoying creatures. In other places in Brazil I have met with these insects in abundance in houses which have been shut up for some time, but never did I see them so numerous as they were here; to escape their attacks during the night we were obliged to sling our hammocks very high, and to undress on the top of a table.*

[To be continued.]

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece. Vol. VII. H. Colburn.

This volume finishes a publication of considerable and permanent interest in the class of what is generally designated *Polite Literature*, to which it belongs. Court pictures and anecdotes; descriptions of persons whose names will last in history, letters, and arts; and an intercourse and notice of society eliciting many of those particulars which are subjects of curiosity to the living period, and hardly less so to posterity: to the first successors, as matters in which their progenitors were concerned as actors and spectators; and farther down the stream of time, as illustrations of the manners and feelings of a former age.

With this brief proem, by way of retrospect and recapitulation, we have now only to pay our compliments to the winding-up volume of Madame D'Arblay's remains and life. If not altogether so attractive as some of its precursors of earlier date, and relating more to her son, and other family matters rather of a peculiar than public nature, it is nevertheless a conclusion sufficiently in keeping with the rest to render the work consistent and satisfactory as a whole. There is a degree of sadness about it, like all the later scenes of prolonged existence, for Madame D'Arblay was above eighty years old when she died; and we have her here, between 1813 and 1840, called upon to mourn the death of many friends—of sisters, of father, of husband, and of only son—before she herself is gathered to the grave. The restoration of the Bourbons, and of her husband to his rank in France, her residence in Paris and flight, &c. to Brussels when Napoleon made the famous hundred days an epoch not to be forgotten in a thousand years, her terrors and descriptions of circumstances round about the field of Waterloo, and letters about her son's education at Cambridge and taking orders in the church, are the prominent portions of the volume; from which, however, we shall merely select a few miscellaneous passages likely to be acceptable to our readers. In Sept. 1813, Madame D'Arblay was introduced to Mr. Wilberforce, at Sandgate, one Sunday, after leaving church; and she writes to her father:

"Mr. Wilberforce gave me his arm, and, in short, we walked the round from one to five o'clock. Four hours of the best conversation I have, nearly, ever enjoyed. He was anxious for a full and true

* Treating of the natural history of Brazil, we may mention that we have had the pleasure of examining several boxes of humming-birds from that country, which have just been received by that pre-eminent ornithologist, Mr. Gould. Many of these are quite new to science, and it is impossible to describe their beauty and brilliancy. A rich bronze appears to be the general or prevailing colour in the darker parts; but upon this the most extraordinary tints we ever witnessed in nature are displayed; and the back, breast, ruffs round the neck, heads, or tails, reflect the rays of light with literally greater splendour than emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and other precious gems. We could have formed no idea of their incredible brilliancy.

account of Paris, and particularly of religion and infidelity, and of Bonaparte and the wars, and of all and everything that had occurred during my ten years' seclusion in France; and I had so much to communicate, and his drawing out and comments and episodes were all so judicious, so spirited, so full of information yet so unassuming, that my shyness all flew away, and I felt to be his confidential friend, opening to him upon every occurrence and every sentiment, with the frankness that is usually won by years of intercourse. I was really and truly delighted and enlightened by him."

We think a good painting might be made of the author of *Evelina* hanging on the arm of Wilberforce, whilst he pointed out and expounded to her the principles of construction, the traversing of the guns, and the military capabilities of the Martello Towers. A long account of presentations to Louis XVIII., at Grillon's hotel, on his passage through London to the throne of France, exhibits a large share of fashionable impertinence in the behaviour of Lady Crewe, who chaperoned Madame D'Arbly on the occasion; and also not a little of the vanity of the romantic and sentimental author, who most frequently comes to be distinguished wherever she appears, and was thus the chief figure among the company presented to the king.

"The presentations were short, and without much mark or likelihood. The men bowed low, and passed on; the ladies courtied, and did the same. Those who were not known gave a card, I think, to the Duc de Duras, who named them; those of former acquaintance with his majesty simply made their obeisance. M. de Duras, who knew how much fatigue the king had to go through, hurried every one on, not only with speed, but almost with ill-breeding, to my extreme astonishment. Yet the English, by express command of his majesty, had always the preference, and always took place of the French; which was an attention of the king in return for the asylum he had here found, that he seemed delighted to display. Early in this ceremony came forward Lady Crewe; who, being known to the king from sundry previous meetings, was not named; and only, after courtying, reciprocated smiles with his majesty, and passed on. But instead of then moving off, though the duke, who did not know her, waved his hand to hasten her away, she whispered, but loud enough for me to hear, '*Voilà Madame d'Arbly; il faut qu'elle soit présentée.*' She then went gaily off, without heeding me. The duke only bowed, but by a quick glance recognised me, and by another shewed a pleased acquiescence in the demand. Retreat, now, was out of the question; but I so feared my position was wrong, that I was terribly disturbed, and felt hot and cold, and cold and hot, alternately, with excess of embarrassment. I was roused, however, after hearing for so long a time nothing but French, by the sudden sound of English. An address, in that language, was read to his majesty, which was presented by the noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Buckingham, congratulatory upon his happy restoration, and filled with cordial thanks for the graciousness of his manners, and the benignity of his conduct, during his long residence amongst them; warmly proclaiming their participation in his joy, and their admiration of his virtues. The reader was Colonel Nugent, a near relation of the present Duke of Buckingham.

"But, if the unexpected sound of these felicitations delivered in English roused and struck me, how much greater arose my astonishment and delight when the French monarch, in an accent of the most condescending familiarity and pleasure, uttered his acknowledgments in English also—expressing his gratitude for all their attentions, his sense of their kind interest in his favour, and his eternal remembrance of the obligations he owed to the whole county of Buckinghamshire, for the asylum and consolations he had found in it during his trials and calamities! I wonder not that Colonel Nugent was so touched by this reply as to

be led to bend the knee, as to his own sovereign, when the king held out his hand; for I myself, though a mere outside auditress, was so moved, and so transported with surprise by the dear English language from his mouth, that I forgot at once all my fears and dubitations, and, indeed, all myself, my poor little self, in my pride and exultation at such a moment for my noble country. Fortunately for me, the Duc de Duras made this the moment for my presentation, and, seizing my hand and drawing me suddenly from behind the chair to the royal presence, he said, 'Sire, Madame d'Arbly.' How singular a change, that what but the instant before would have overwhelmed me with diffidence and embarrassment, now found me all courage and animation! and when his majesty took my hand—or rather, took hold of my fist—and said, in very pretty English, 'I am very happy to see you,' I felt such a glow of satisfaction, that, involuntarily, I burst forth with its expression, incoherently, but delightfully and irresistibly, though I cannot remember how. He certainly was not displeased, for his smile was brightened and his manner was most flattering, as he repeated that he was very glad to see me, and added that he had known me, 'though without sight, very long: for I have read you—and been charmed with your books—charmed and entertained. I have read them often. I know them very well indeed; and I have long wanted to know you!' I was extremely surprised,—and not only at these unexpected compliments, but equally that my presentation, far from seeming, as I had apprehended, strange, was met by a reception of the utmost encouragement. When he stopped, and let go my hand, I courtied respectfully, and was moving on; but he again caught my fist, and fixing me with looks of strong though smiling investigation, he appeared archly desirous to read the lines of my face, as if to deduce from them the qualities of my mind. His manner, however, was so polite and so gentle that he did not at all discountenance me; and though he resumed the praise of my little works, he uttered the panegyric with a benignity so gay as well as flattering, that I felt inclined, nay elevated, with a joy that overcame *mauvaise honte*. The Duc de Duras, who had hurried on all others, seeing he had no chance to dismiss me with the same *sans cérémonie* speed, now joined his voice to exalt my satisfaction, by saying, at the next pause, 'Et M. d'Arbly, sire, bon et brave, est un des plus dévoués et fidèles serviteurs de votre Majesté.' The king, with a gracious little motion of his head, and with eyes of the most pleased benevolence, expressively said, '*Je le crois.*' And a third time he stopped my retiring courtly, to take my hand. This last stroke gave me such delight, for my absent best *ami*, that I could not again attempt to speak. The king pressed my hand—wrist, I should say, for it was that he grasped,—and then saying, 'Bon jour, Madame la Comtesse,' let me go. My eyes were suffused with tears, from mingled emotions; I glided nimbly through the crowd to a corner at the other end of the room, where Lady Crewe joined me almost instantly, and with felicitations the most amiably cordial and lively."

When the alarm of Bonaparte's landing from Elba reached Paris, M. d'Arbly went forth to battle against him; and the way in which his departure is told is so much in the style of the old novel school, that we could not help being tickled with it.

"He came to me (says his frightened wife) with an air of assumed serenity, and again, in the most kindly, soothing terms, called upon me to give him an example of courage. I obeyed his injunction with my best ability; yet how dreadful was our parting! We knelt together in short but fervent prayer to Heaven for each other's preservation, and then separated. At the door he turned back, and with a smile which, though forced, had inexpressible sweetness, he half-gaily exclaimed, '*Vive le Roi!*' I instantly caught his wise wish that we should part with apparent cheerfulness, and re-

echoed his words—and then he darted from my sight. This had passed in an anteroom; but I then retired to my bedchamber, where, all effort over, I remained for some minutes abandoned to an affliction nearly allied to despair, though rescued from it by fervent devotion. But an idea then started into my mind that yet again I might behold him. I ran to a window which looked upon the inward court-yard. There, indeed, behold him I did, but oh, with what anguish! just mounting his war-horse, a noble animal, of which he was singularly fond, but which at this moment I viewed with acutest terror, for it seemed loaded with pistols, and equipped completely for immediate service on the field of battle; while Deprez, the groom, prepared to mount another, and our cabriolet was filled with baggage and implements of war. I could not be surprised, since I knew the destination of the general; but so carefully had he spared me the progress of his preparations, which he thought would be killing me by inches, that I had not the most distant idea he was thus armed and encircled with instruments of death—bayonets, lances, pistols, guns, sabres, daggers!—what horror assailed me at the sight! I had only so much sense and self-control left as to crawl softly and silently away, that I might not inflict upon him the suffering of beholding my distress; but when he had passed the windows, I opened them to look after him. The street was empty; the gay, constant gala of a Parisian Sunday was changed into fearful solitude: no sound was heard, but that of here and there some hurried footstep on one hand hastening for a passport to secure safety by flight; on the other, rushing abruptly from or to some concealment, to devise means of accelerating and hailing the entrance of the Conqueror. Well in tune with this air of an impending crisis was my miserable mind; which, from grief little short of torture, sunk, at its view, into a state of morbid quiet, that seemed the produce of feelings totally exhausted. Thus I continued, inert, helpless, motionless, till the Princesse d'Henin came into my apartment. Her first news was, that Bonaparte had already reached Compiègne, and that to-morrow, the 20th of March, he might arrive in Paris, if the army of the king stopped not his progress. It was now necessary to make a prompt decision; my word was given, and I agreed to accompany her whithersoever she fixed to go. She was still hesitating; but it was settled I should join her in the evening, bag and baggage, and partake of her destination. Everything now pressed for action and exertion; but my ideas were bewildered; my senses seemed benumbed; my mind was a chaos. This species of vague incapacity was broken in upon by the entrance of M. Le Noir; and the sight of a favourite of M. d'Arbly, with whom he was in constant intercourse at the Ministère de l'Intérieur, awakened me to some consciousness of my situation.

"In recounting to him what had passed, I drew my wandering thoughts to a point, and in satisfying his friendly solicitude, I recovered my scared senses. I then determined to take with me whatever Madame d'Henin could admit into her carriage, that was valuable and portable, and to lock up what remained, and entrust to M. Le Noir my keys. He consented to take them in charge, and promised to come from time to time to the house, and to give such directions as might be called for by events. I gave to him full power of acting, in presence of Deprez, our *femme de charge*, who was to carry to him my keys when I had made my arrangements; and I besought him, should he see no more either of the general or of myself, never to part with his trust but to our son. He solemnly ratified the engagement with his word of honour; and with feelings for us all nearly as deep as my own, he took leave. I was now sufficiently roused for action, and my first return to conscious understanding was a desire to call in and pay every bill that might be owing, as well as the rent of our apartments up to the present moment, that no pre-

tence might be assumed from our absence for disposing of our goods, books, or property of any description. As we never had any avoidable debts, this was soon settled; but the proprietor of the house was thunderstruck by the measure, saying, the king had reiterated his proclamation that he would not desert his capital. I could only reply that the general was at his majesty's orders, and that my absence would be short. I then began collecting our small portion of plate, &c.; but while thus occupied, I received a message from Madame d'Henin, to tell me I must bring nothing but a small change of linen, and one band-box; as by the news she had just heard, she was convinced we should be back again in two or three days, and she charged me to be with her in an hour from that time. I did what she directed, and put what I most valued, that was not too large, into a hand-basket, made by some French prisoners in England, that had been given me by my beloved friend Mrs. Lock. I then swallowed, standing, my neglected dinner, and, with Madame Deprez, my small allowance of baggage, I got into a fiacre, and drove to General Victor de la Tour Maubourg, to bid adieu to my dearest Madame de Maisonneuve, and her family."

To us this narrative of feelings, terrors, war-horses, bill-payings, plate-packings, flight-taking, and hasty standing-up dinnering (like Lord Seton's illustrious innovation in regard to suppers of the *ton*), is very amusing; and we confess to having had a merry laugh at the writer's perturbations. Yet was there sound common sense about her (especially when self-heroism was unprovoked), as the following advice to her wayward son will show. Polonius to Laertes was much of the same tenor—this might be signed Polonius:

"April 26, 1815.—At length, my long expecting eyes meet again your handwriting, after a breach of correspondence that I can never recollect without pain. Revive it not in my mind by any repetition, and I will dismiss it from all future power of tormenting me, by considering it only as a dream of other times. Cry 'Done!' my Alex., and I will skip over the subject, not perhaps as lightly, but as swiftly as you skip over the hills of Norbury Park. I delight to think of the good and pleasure that sojourn may do you: though easily, too easily, I conceive the melancholy reflections that were awakened by the sight of our dear, dear cottage; yet your expressions upon its view lose much of their effect by being overstrained, *recherchés*, and designing to be pathetic. We never touch others, my dear Alex., where we study to shew we are touched ourselves. I beg you, when you write to me, to let your pen paint your thoughts as they rise, not as you seek or labour to embellish them. I remember you once wrote me a letter so very fine from Cambridge, that, if it had not made me laugh, it would certainly have made me sick. Be natural, my dear boy, and you will be sure to please your mother without wasting your time. Let us know what you have received, what you have spent, what you may have still unpaid, and what you yet want. But for this last article, we both desire you will not wait our permission to draw upon your aunt, whom we shall empower to draw upon Mr. Hoare in our names. We know you to have no wanton extravagances, and no idle vanity; we give you, therefore, dear Alex., *carte blanche* to apply to your aunt, only consulting with her, and begging her kind, maternal advice to help your inexperience in regulating your expenses. She knows the difference that must be made between our fortune and that of Clement; but she knows our affection for our boy, and our confidence in his honour and probity, and will treat him with as much kindness, though not with equal luxury. Your father charges you never to be without your purse, and never to let it be empty. Your aunt will counsel you about your clothes. About your books we trust to yourself. And pray don't forget, when you make sleeping visits, to recompense the trouble you must unavoidably give to servants. And if you join any party to any public

place, make a point to pay for yourself. It will be far better to go seldom, and with that gentlemanly spirit, than often, with the air of a hanger-on. How infinitely hospitable has been your uncle James! But hospitality is his characteristic. We had only insisted upon your regularity at chapel and at lectures, and we hear of your attention to them comparatively, and we are fixed to be contented *en attendant*. Don't lose courage, dear, dear Alex.; the second place is the nearest to the first. I love you with all my heart and soul!"

The fantastic of the author is here lost in the affection of the mother; and prudence and good counsel take the place of susceptibility and worthless verbiage. With so judicious a quotation, therefore, we will come to an end; only picking out two brief maxims which deserve a record among proverbs and wise saws and modern instances: "*Leisure for men of business, you know, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.*" . . . Sorrow, as Dr. Johnson said, is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it." These occur in letters from Madame Piozzi in 1821. In November 1832 Madame D'Arbly published the memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney (3 vols. 8vo, Moxon), of which the *Lit. Gazette*, No. 826, spoke as very peculiar in style, and expanded into greater length than the material warranted. We also observed upon it, what is but too visible in all the correspondence of Madame D'A. in the last thirty or forty years of her life, and will apply equally to the volume now before us, namely, that the romantic and imaginative turn of her mind marred, in her old age, what might be tolerated in the petted of Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke, long ago. Old women ought, in mercy to themselves, as well as to all who come within a stone's throw of them, to abjure Girlishness!

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The influx of publications for the holidays would make a long task for us, were we not enabled to do them sufficient justice by a string of short notices. Woodcutting may be mentioned as a prominent feature in nearly the whole class; and indeed, it is but too evident, in the present condition of the press and bookselling-trade, that the literature has become rather the second than the first consideration, and that pictures are made fully to compete with, if not to supersede, the attractions of letters.

Partners for Life: a Christmas Story. By Camilla Toulmin (Orr and Co.).—From the graceful pen of this sweet and intelligent authoress nothing could be looked for but a very pleasing story, fit to enliven and improve the domestic circle, round the Yule log. And so it is; and with designs by John Absolon, and gay binding, and other recom-mendatory accessories, altogether a nice little book for the occasion.

The Horse and his Rider. By Rolp Springfield (Chapman and Hall).—Is a collection of entertaining sketches and anecdotes relating to the horse; the more instructive portions of which illustrate the feats and customs of countries where this noble animal is most employed in peace and in war. The little volume is prettily adorned with graphic groups.

Herdsmen and Tillers of the Ground. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett (same Publishers).—With the prints coloured, is addressed to the illustration of primitive times and races, chiefly Asian and African, among whom manufactures have as yet made no progress. In its way, it is also an interesting juvenile book.

My own Annual. By Mark Merriwell (same Publishers).—Has a hundred engravings to embellish as many themes. They are clever and replete with character, and the contents as various as they could be within the compass. *Inter alia*, a life of Tom Thumb is amusing, and more original than could have been expected from the small and exhausted anatomy.

My Youthful Companions. By the author of "My Schoolboy Days." (Longmans).—Is of a

grave tone, and somewhat starched and pragmatical. It has more "preachee" than recreation in it; and may therefore be preferred by the serious among the conservators of youth.

January Eve, &c.; a Tale. By George Soane (E. Churton).—Of the Dickens school; but the author states that he had preceded our most popular friend in this line of composition, and must not therefore be deemed an imitator. Admitting this, we may say that this, though a life-like story, is not much like "Boz." The characters belong to the usual novel-class, for grown-up readers, and the tale is told with the talent for which the writer's own name is well known to the public.

The Sequel to Old Joliffe, &c. (W. N. Wright).—Generous sympathies and the universal love of kind, impressed in a most agreeable manner, evince the unabated continuation of the true spirit of "Old Joliffe." It is a charming little work to improve the young and please the old.

Characteristics of Men of Genius, &c. (Two vols. Chapman, Brothers).—We ought hardly to place this larger publication in this *catalogue raisonné* of Christmas performances; but it is just such a literary work as may well be presented to an elder circle, and more advanced in studies and the cultivation of mind. It consists of essays, chiefly from the *North American Review*, in which the productions of a number of distinguished authors (seventeen) from Loyola and Pascal to Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, and English, Italian, French, and German, are critically, biographically, and historically treated with much ability. The whole series is highly creditable to the American periodical press, and particularly to the Review in question, one of its most eminent exponents.

The Literary and Scientific Register and Almanac for 1847. By J. W. G. Gutch (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—As heretofore, this is the most congenial of these pocket-book publications for literary and scientific men; for besides containing all the customary elements, it is full of matters in which they take an interest, or to which they may need to refer in the course of the coming year.

ANGAS'S SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In our last we left Mr. Angas prosecuting his travels into the interior of New Zealand, and the continuance of his novel statements is not such as to require introduction or remark from us, or ought farther than to copy them as they occurred to the author on his way.

"At Hopetui (he tells us) we landed and took shelter beneath a little tent that our chief, Widoona, had erected there. Sitting huddled together with his family, we found employment in bathing the eye of his little girl with warm water: the poor child having received a dreadful blow, that had caused the part to swell to the size of a pigeon's egg. These people are but very indifferent doctors. Amongst the heathen tribes they attempt to cure all diseases by witchcraft or sorcery; and these Christian natives were actually rubbing the wound with their dirty fingers, while the mother wiped away the discharge from the eye with a piece of old blanket.—A slight incident occurred in the tent illustrative of native character. The chief caught a large spider on his blanket, and taking it by one leg, held it carefully for a minute and then let it go. I asked him why he did not destroy the spider? He replied, 'He has done no wrong: if he had bitten me I should have killed him.'—The entrance to the tent was shut in with a crowd of heads, amongst which were those of two old men, who were most anxious to sell us some eggs. The air of the little tent was insupportable; added to which, the whole family were successively chewing a large piece of filthy pork-rind, which was handed from one to another, and had now been divested of nearly all the fat it previously contained."

"Wirihona gave us a detailed account of the mode of preserving the heads of their enemies:

which 'taped heads' are frequently to be met with in Europe in the museums and cabinets of the curious. If they were heads of enemies taken in battle, the lips were stretched out and sewn apart; if, on the contrary, it was the head of one of the chiefs of their own tribe who had died, and they were preserving it with all customary honours, they sewed the lips close together in a pouting attitude. A hole was dug in the earth and heated with red-hot stones, and then—the eyes, ears, and all the orifices of the head, except the windpipe, being carefully sewn up, and the brains taken out—the aperture of the neck was placed over the mouth of the heated oven, and the head well steamed. This process was continued until the head was perfectly free from moisture, and the skin completely cured; fern-root was then thrust into the nostrils, and in this state the heads were either placed under a strict tapu, or bartered in exchange for muskets or blankets to Sydney traders. To the shame of the Europeans thus engaged, it must be told, that so eager were they to procure these dried heads for sale in England and elsewhere, that many chiefs were persuaded to kill their slaves, and tattoo the faces after death, to supply this unnatural demand. Heads belonging to their enemies slain in battle were prepared and stuck up in rows upon stakes within the *pah*; to these every species of savage indignity was offered, and the conquering party danced naked before the heads, uttering all manner of abuse to them in terms of bravado and insult, as though they were still alive."

At one halt Mr. Angas "painted the chief Te Ngaporutu and his wife: he was formerly a distinguished warrior belonging to the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, but has lately embraced Christianity; and his wife, who belongs to Wanganui, was bought by him for thirty pigs. This chief had several wives previously to his becoming a convert; but he put away all, excepting only Rihe, whom he retained as his partner in life. The cast-off wives are all anxiously waiting for Rihe to die; each one hoping that she may be the successful candidate for the next wife.—Near Whakatumutumu, on the Mokau, there resides a European, or *Pakeha Maori*, who has become almost more savage than the natives themselves: he is partially tattooed, and clothes himself in a mat or blanket; he has at least six wives, and adopts all the habits and manners of the Maori people.—Te Ariki (lord), who was the most celebrated chief of all Mokau, died two months since at Pari-pari, a native settlement and *pah* one day's journey from Whakatumutumu; he was unconverted, and even during his last illness he was carried on to the field of battle. After his death a great contest ensued, respecting the disposal of his body, between the Papist natives and those who still adhere to their heathen customs; the latter argued that he had died a heathen, and ought therefore to be buried in a secret cave, according to the heathen form for the greatest chiefs. The contest resulted in a scuffle for the body; and, after it had been placed in a box or coffin by the Jesuits, Taonui, the chief next in importance to the deceased, tore the body from the coffin, and, in his rage, threw it across the *pah*: it was eventually carried off by the heathens, and placed in a secret cave. About a mile from this place the body of another chief is hidden in a hollow tree in the forest. Eko, the celebrated witch of Waikato, is the wife of a chief not far from Mokau; she performed some actions which were considered by the natives as attesting her powers of witchcraft, and ever since she exercises, by her arts of sorcery, unbounded sway over the minds of the superstitious inhabitants: to such an extent is her power exerted, that many natives die under the influence of fear. Not long since, she told one of her victims that she had taken out his heart; and he actually died, out of a belief that his heart was gone."

The reception of strangers by the women is as strange as, for a welcome, it must be disagreeable. "At sunset we reached a small fortified *pah*, on the summit of a hill overlooking the lake. There

were but few natives residing in it, to whom the sight of a *pakeha* was indeed astonishing; and after the salutation of welcome, they commenced a *tangi* at my guides and myself. The man who entertained us uttered a faint sound in his throat, like that of a person crying at a distance, and continued to look mournfully on the ground. The welcome of the women was voluble and loud: they howled diamally, and their tears fell fast for some time. Another female soon arrived, who, squatting on the ground, commenced a *tangi* with her friends, so loud and doleful—now muttering, and anon howling like a hyæna—that it made one feel quite dismal: there she sat, yelling horribly, to my great annoyance; but Maori etiquette compelled me to look grave and not disturb her. There seemed to be no end to this woman's wailings of welcome: the night was cold, and she still continued to sit by the fire prolonging her lugubrious and discordant strains. Sometimes she would pitch a higher key, going upwards with a scream, shaking her voice, and muttering between every howl; then it would be a squall with variations, like 'housetop cats on moonlight nights.' Then, blowing her nose with her fingers, she made some remarks to the woman next her, and recommenced howling in the most systematic way. Once again she became furious; then, during an interval, she spoke about the *pakeha*, joined in a hearty laugh with the rest; and at last, after one long-continued howl, all was silent: to my great relief. * * *

"Hiwikau, brother to Te Heuheu the celebrated warrior-chief of Taupo, accompanied us in a canoe to the kainga, or settlement of the great chief himself. The natives began to assemble in numbers; all sitting on the ground in a semicircle: to sit in the presence of a stranger or a superior is considered as a mark of respect. Te Heuheu was superintending his people, who were at work in the potato-grounds; but he at last arrived, and saluted me by pressing noses. After sitting down again in silence for some time, I delivered to him a letter of introduction, which I had brought from Te Whero Whero, the principal chief of Waikato. Te Heuheu is a fine old man; he stands nearly seven feet high, and is very corpulent. His hair is silvery white, and his people compare it to the snowy head of the sacred Tongariro; there being no object, except this *tapu* mountain, of equal sanctity to permit of its being mentioned in connexion with the head of their chief. At the present time, Te Heuheu has eight wives living; but only his favourite one is permitted to eat with him, and then out of separate vessels. He is frequently known by other names—Maanui and Tukino. After Te Heuheu had heard the contents of the letter, which was read to him by one of his grandchildren, he immediately ordered a large pig to be killed for us; in the mean time I was fed, much against my inclination, with potted pigeons, boiled down in their own fat, and kept in a gourd until perfectly rancid; for no salt is used in preparing them: this is a delicacy reserved for visitors and state occasions. * * *

"It is customary for the oldest boy and girl of a family to eat the sacred food offered to the dead, at the raising and scraping of the bones of a deceased parent from the *wahi tapu*. This is done in order to remove the *tapu*; to which the person who raised the bones is subjected by so doing, as he is not allowed to partake of food until the *tapu* is taken off. When the girl has eaten, the *tapu* is removed; but should the girl happen to be dead, they then put food into a calabash, and placing it within the enclosure of the *wahi tapu*, say, addressing her by name, 'Here is your food.' This is supposed to answer the same end. Should there be no daughter, the nearest relative of the deceased supplies her place in the removal of the *tapu*."

Mr. Angas declares the missionary labours to be efficiently working great reformation in all these pagan rites and customs; but still many superstitions remain, of which the following are specimens.

The "first will shew how deeply the belief in witchcraft, and the supposed influence of the *atua*, obtain amongst those who are still heathens. The missionary was shewing me some small green lizards preserved in a phial of spirits, Muriwenua and another man being in the room. We forgot at the moment that the little creatures in the phial were *atua* or gods, according to the superstitious belief of Maori polytheism, and inadvertently shewed them to the man at the table. No sooner did he perceive the *atua*, than his Herculean frame shrank back as from a mortal wound, and his face betrayed signs of extreme horror. The old chief, on discovering the cause, cried out, 'I shall die! I shall die!' and crawled away on his hands and knees; whilst the other man stood as a defence between the chief and the *atua*, changing his position so as to form a kind of shield till Muriwenua was out of the influence of their supposed power. It was a dangerous mistake to exhibit these *atua*; for the chief is very old, and in the course of nature, cannot live long; and if he dies shortly, his death will certainly be ascribed to the baneful sight of the lizard-gods, and I shall be accused of *makutu*, or witchcraft. The *katipo*, a small, black, and very venomous spider, is found upon the beach on the west coast; and the natives all say (as a girl assured us this morning) that, if a *katipo* bites you, you will most assuredly die; but if you are clever enough to catch the *katipo*, and make a fire round him, so that he perishes in the flames, you will then recover from the effects of the poisonous bite. * * *

"Several miles up the Waiharikiki river, a stream which flows into the harbour of Ahuahua, is a *wahi tapu*, or sacred repository of the property of a deceased chief, which stands at a small heathen *kainga*. The scenery along the Waiharikiki is varied and romantic; steep banks clothed with the most luxuriant foliage rise on either side, and almost every opening discloses a *kainga maori* or native settlement: the water was strewn with the golden-coloured blossoms of the *kowai*, and the day was warm and sunny. On arriving at Te Pāhe, we landed from the boat and proceeded to the *wahi tapu*, which stood upon the side of a hill sloping towards the river. The sacred inclosure was surrounded with a double set of palings; and within the inner row, which were painted red, were the decaying remains of the *taped* property, elevated upon a framework of raised sticks; the weather-worn garments were fluttering in the wind, and the chests, muskets, and other property belonging to the deceased, were arranged in front: a little canoe, with sail and paddles, was also placed there to serve as a ferry-boat for the spirit to enter in safety into the eternal abodes. Calabashes of food and water, and a dish prepared from the pigeon, were placed for the ghost to regale itself when visiting the spot; and the heathen natives aver that at night the spirit comes and feeds from the sacred calabashes. So fearful are the natives to approach this *wahi tapu*, that they will not even come within some yards of the outer inclosure."

Mr. A. explored a vast limestone cavern, hung with splendid stalactites, and relates:

"The natives have a tradition that whoever enters this cavern, and brings away any portion of the stalactite, however small, is certain of being drowned; and it is a singular coincidence that two Europeans, who in passing entered the outer chamber and broke off pieces of the stalactite, were afterwards drowned: one of these was a missionary, who was upset in a canoe at the mouth of the river Thames in Hauraki Gulf. In the forests near Poukemarkou we regaled ourselves on our return with the sweet and fleshy bractæ of the *tawara* (*Freyinetia Banksii*), which are now in season. The taste of the lower portion of these bractæ, when fully ripe, is somewhat like that of a rich and juicy pear, with an aromatic flavour resembling vanilla. The plant yielding this vegetable luxury is parasitical; climbing in clusters

of long narrow leaves to the summits of the lofty forest-trees."

Though told that the natives are particular about their food, some of the most abominable messes are described that ever we read of—filthy, rancid, and odious in every respect. The nikau palm appears, however, to afford a wholesome sustenance.

"One of our lads felled a nikau palm (*areca sapida*), and cut out the heart, of which we all partook: it was refreshing, and tasted rather pleasant than otherwise, its flavour somewhat resembling that of the cocoa-nut. This portion of the palm-tree is eagerly sought after by the New Zealanders, who fell every tree which they consider likely to contain a young and succulent heart: the leaves are also much used for thatching the temporary sheds which they erect whilst travelling in the forest; likewise frequently for roofing their houses and cooking-huts in the plantations. The nikau palms are consequently fast decreasing; and this graceful tree will probably soon disappear, unless means are taken to preserve its growth: in all directions we saw destroyed stems, and their broad pinnated leaves lay scattered on the ground."

Mentioning antipodean trees, Mr. Angas states, that all those of Australia are evergreens; but that European species transplanted to that climate follow their usual laws in casting and renewing their foliage. Are Australian woods evergreen when brought to England?—But it is now time for us to take our leave of these pleasant volumes. The author returned to Sidney, touching at Flinders' Island, of which we have this sad report:

"Upon this island dwell the miserable relics of the aboriginal inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, amounting to about a dozen or twenty families: here they were banished by the government, to prevent their interfering with the settlers. Although they are daily supplied with rations, and have the range of the island entirely to themselves, their numbers are fast decreasing; and in all probability, ere long, the former natives of Tasmania will be an extinct and a forgotten race."

Elsewhere there are spectacles not less melancholy; for instance, and here we conclude, at Portland Bay:

"The natives of this district are in a miserable state; they are still numerous, and their *miam miams*, or huts, that resemble bee-hives, are clustered on the greensward beneath the gum-trees. A party of the Port Fairy tribe, who had built their huts amongst the woods in the neighbourhood of the settlement, happened to be at the bay during the period of my visit, and more attenuated or wretched-looking beings I never witnessed. It appeared unaccountable that a race of people living a primitive life, amidst the aromatic fragrance of these woods, with their dwellings upon the green and flower-spangled turf—breathing the pure transparent air of this part of Australia, and enjoying one of the finest possible climates—should be so low in the scale of humanity as are these degraded creatures, when all around is fair and beautiful. I made several sketches of these people—miserable beings, whose filth was beyond description. At one of their *miam miams*, or huts, was a man who called himself 'Mr. Cold Mornings,' with a numerous family of dirty, naked, little 'Cold Mornings' about him; one man was lying on the wet ground, stretched upon his kangaroo skin, dying of pulmonary consumption; another poor wretch was suffering from a broken leg; and many more were almost devoured by disease. But the most extraordinary and revolting spectacle was an old woman, reduced to a mere skeleton, with an idiotic child—apparently four or five years old, but unable to stand erect—to which she was attempting to supply nourishment from her shrivelled and flaccid breast. Both were utterly destitute of clothing; and the spectre-like form of the aged hag, as she sat in the ashes before the hut, was loathsome: one of my companions actually turned sick and vomited at the sight. On my examining the child, the old

woman took it up in her bony grasp, and holding it out at arm's length, uttered a wild hysterical laugh that rang through the still woods; and then stretched out her hand for a morsel of tobacco."*

Practical Remarks on Near Sight, Aged Sight, and Impaired Vision; with Observations upon the Use of Glasses, and on Artificial Light. By W. White Cooper, F.R.C.S., &c. Pp. 216. J. Churchill. TRULY practical, and consequently truly valuable, we recommend this volume to all eyes. There is nothing connected with the sight upon which its advice is not most significant and valuable. Founded on the most thorough scientific knowledge of his subject, Mr. Cooper goes into the detail of forms to improve the vision, to choose glasses, and adopt every course which can strengthen or preserve the most precious of our senses. At present we shall say nothing of the particular points; though the volume deserves that we should return to them, and not be content with this testimony to its general merits.

Woman's Love; a Romance of Smiles and Tears. By G. Herbert Rodwell, author of "Teddy the Tiler," "Memoirs of an Umbrella," &c. 8vo, pp. 323. London, Kent and Richards.

WITH twenty illustrations from the fertile pencil of Alfred Crowquill, this popular serial has been advanced into the solid and permanent voluminous form. We need not tell readers what so many already know, that Mr. Rodwell's romance is full of vicissitudes in various quarters of the globe, and that its pages are full of interest and entertainment.

The Jewish Faith, &c. By Grace Aguilar, author of "The Women of Israel," &c. Pp. 448. London, Groombridge and Sons.

OUR Hebrew compatriots certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the author for her unwearied exertions to place in the fairest light every circumstance connected with the ordinances and ceremonies, the customs and opinions, the morals and religion, of her Jewish world. The present volume is sedulously addressed to that purpose; and especially to meet the inquiries of youth in regard to these essential points.

Chemistry of the Four Seasons; an Essay. By Thomas Griffiths, Prof. of Chemistry, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. Pp. 495. London, Churchill. ENCOURAGED by the success of his *Chemistry of the Four Elements*, the learned professor has here adopted a similar quadrinomial and quadripartite formula for another volume on chemistry of a popular character, and such as will convey a mass of information to the "uninitiated" in that science. To this he has added a quantity of useful miscellaneous matter.

Petit Musée de Littérature Française. By M. Le Page. Pp. 579. E. Wilson.

A COPIOUS volume of "elegant extracts" from the most eminent authors of France, from the 17th century to the present time; with some brief and useful notices of the writers, as well as of others of earlier date.

Hand-Book of Human Anatomy. From the German of Dr. A. Von Behr, and adapted for the English Student by J. Birkett, F.R.C.S. &c. Pp. 467. London, Longmans.

THE able demonstrator at Guy's Hospital has done his profession a valuable service by editing this work in the manner he has done, both for the use of the rising school, and as a refresher to the memories of his brethren throughout.

* By the police reports in the newspapers this week we observe that the interesting native boy brought to England by Mr. Angas, and who attended in the exhibition-room at the Egyptian Hall, has been cruelly maltreated at sea. He is a fine intelligent fellow, and was much noticed at the Marquis of Northampton's soirées, and other distinguished places in London; and after his late misfortunes and sufferings it is consoling to learn that he has been taken under the protection of Governor Eyre, and is going out with him. His father, our readers may remember, was an eminent chief, whose fate it was to be conquered and eaten.—*Ed. L. G.*

The Mysteries of London. By George W. M. Reynolds, author of "Pickwick Abroad," "The Modern Literature of France," "Robert Macaire," &c. With numerous illustrations by G. Stiff. Pp. 424. Vol. II. London, George Vickers. COLLECTED together and handsomely bound.

The Parlour Novelist. Vol. X. Belfast, Simms and McIntyre; London, Orr and Co.

THE *Dark Lady of Doona*, by so popular an author as W. H. Maxwell; *Jonathan Frock*, from the German of Zschokke; and a historiette called *Floretta*, render this volume as agreeable as it is various. The first recommends it particularly as an Irish serial, but the latter (two) are more amusing than is often the case with selections made to eke out publications, too short in their *premier pas*. Vol. XI. is also worthy of its continued place, being the third part of the O'Hara Family (from parts I. and VII.), and containing Banim's interesting tale of *John Doe*, and also *Peter of the Castle*. When Ireland has authors of her own like those we have named, she had better never seek her miscellaneous literature from the Sues and Dumases.

Historical Centuries. By E. H. Keating. London, J. W. Parker.

BY an arrangement in columns, perpendicular and horizontal, Mr. Keating, in a thin small folio of some forty or fifty pages, exhibits the rise, decline, and present existence of the various states of the Old World, to which he adds notes (similarly arranged) of the principal religious, political, scientific, and literary events which have marked successive centuries. The plan seems to be very good for affording at a glance a general outline of universal history; and when coloured, must be more readily instructive to the eye than in a plain form. On examining a few samples of the lines, we have found them correct with very slight exceptions (such, for instance, as representing Holland to be subject to Lewis, King of France, at the period of 1801-1810, the time of the empire); but altogether we would recommend the fasciculus as replete with useful information for the reference both of youth and age.

Catechetical Exercises on the Apostles' Creed. By Rev. E. Bickersteth, M.A. Pp. 107. London, Rivingtons.

"CHIEFLY drawn from the Exposition of Bishop Pearson," this little volume is a fit and worthy companion to the "Questions on the Thirty-nine Articles," by the same respected divine.

The Excitement. A new Series. Pp. 387. Edinburgh, MacLachlan, Stewart, and Co.

EXTRACTS from books to induce young people to read; and in the majority of instances well chosen.

The Sikhs and Affghans in India and Persia, &c. By Shahamat Ali, Persian Secretary with the Mission of Sir C. M. Wade, &c. Pp. 550. London, J. Murray.

ANTERIOR in date to the later publications we have had about the Punjab, this work, relating to events immediately before and after the death of Runjeet Singh, is of much interest as a portion of that history which is now working out in India, and the results of which must be of the utmost consequence to that prodigious empire. The author was educated at Delhi, in an institution upheld by our government, and deserves a warm welcome, as an example of the native talent and literature which may be cultivated in India for the advantage of Great Britain.

The African Wanderers; or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio. By Mrs. R. Lee. Pp. 373. London, Grant and Griffiths.

MRS. LEE (formerly Mrs. Bowdich), with a leaning to African subjects, has here, in the shape of a narrative of personal adventure, put together every sort of information relative to that continent, and made a very attractive volume for youth. We are not quite sure that the Ingenas, and a few other descriptions, can be depended upon; but what is really true, natural, and wonderful, is enough to inform and satisfy any reasonable curiosity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held on Monday last, St. Andrew's day, on which occasion the Marquess of Northampton delivered his customary annual address, passing under review the progress of science during the past year. The Copley Medal, awarded to M. Le Verrier, was received for him, at his request, by Sir J. Herschel. The Royal Medals were awarded, to Prof. Faraday, for his brilliant discovery of Universal Magnetism, and to Prof. Owen, for his able and elaborate paper "On the Belemnite." The Romford Medal was also awarded to Dr. Faraday, for his researches on Light.

The following were elected the officers and council for the ensuing year; the italics distinguishing the ten new members:

President: The Marquess of Northampton.
 Treasurer: G. Rennie, Esq.
 Secretaries: Dr. Roget; S. H. Christie, Esq.
 Foreign Secretary: Lieut.-Col. E. Sabine.
 Other Members of the Council: Prof. Brande; S. Cooper, Esq.; Dr. Daubeny; Sir H. De la Beche; Prof. E. Forbes; T. Galloway, Esq.; W. R. Grove, Esq.; W. Hopkins, Esq.; L. Horner, Esq.; Dr. Paris; G. R. Porter, Esq.; Prof. Baden Powell; Sir J. Richardson; Capt. W. H. Smyth; Lieut.-Col. Sykes; Prof. Wheatstone.

After the election, the Society dined together at the Crown and Anchor, the Marquis of Northampton presiding, supported by Sir J. Herschel, Sir R. Brodie, Sir R. Murchison, Sir J. Ross, Prof. Owen, &c. &c.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 2d.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Mr. Newport exhibited a number of new and rare *Coleoptera*, from Melbourne, South Australia, and also a blatta, one of the legs of which had been reproduced. Mr. Weaver exhibited a species of *Noctua*, allied to *Hadena adusta*, new to this country, which he had captured, with other rare moths, in Perthshire. Mr. F. Bond exhibited a living specimen of the death's-head moth, and stated that he was convinced that the cry emitted by that insect, which had so much perplexed entomologists as to its cause, was not produced by the friction of the movable appendages at the sides of the thorax, as had been stated by some writers, as he had found the noise to be equally strong when they were tightly pressed against the body; and Mr. Newport stated, that having carefully examined the insect, he had arrived at the conclusion that it was produced either by lateral friction of the parts of the spiral tongue, or by their combined friction against the front of the body. Mr. Bond also exhibited a minute, globular, paper-like nest of a wasp, suspended by a horse-hair. Mr. Westwood exhibited a very extensive series of *Cremastoclellidae*, a small but very anomalous group of exotic beetles, of great rarity. Mr. Newport, in reference to the statement made at the last meeting of the immature state of the ova in female specimens of *Sphinx atropos* and *Convolvuli* (which had been hatched during the hot weather of the past season, after a much shorter duration in the pupa state than in ordinary seasons), mentioned that he had recently dissected a female *convolvuli* which had remained in the chrysalis state nearly its full period; and that he had detected the ovaries, but in so slightly developed a condition, that he was convinced the insect would have remained barren. Mr. E. Doubleday described the singular distinction which he had detected in the unguis of the two species of *Leptocircus*. Numerous instances of the capture of *Fanessa antilopa*, *Sphinx Celerio*, and *Cynthia cardui*, were also recorded by different members.

GUN-COTTON.

PROF. SCHÜNBREIN by letter to M. Dumas, communicated to the Académie des Sciences on the 23d November, that his gun-cotton is not prepared by the same processes as the explosive cottons which

have hitherto been experimented with so generally. He still keeps his secret.

MM. Fordos and Gélis, in the laboratory of M. Pelouze, have determined that besides water and nitrous vapour, there is formed by the combustion of "pyroxylene" (see last *Literary Gazette*) a considerable quantity of a cyanic compound.

To the preparations which appear to possess the properties of the known gun-cotton, another has been added, as announced by M. Dumas; namely, plunging all compounds of a woody nature into a simple solution of chlorate of potash. Cotton, paper, sawdust, &c. thus diluted, have given results analogous to those obtained with pyroxylene; which name, however, has had but a brief existence: it has been changed to *Pyrogyile*.

Fluorine.—The researches of M. Louyet on the isolation of fluorine, and the constitution of the fluorides, give for the atomic weight of fluorine 239.81, that of Berzelius being 235.435.

The Moon.—M. Delaunay has undertaken a work, the object of which is to establish a new theory of the movements of the moon. Important results are promised.

Shooting-Stars.—No remarkable appearance of the November meteors, to the 10th ult., had been noted this year at the Brussels Observatory.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 26th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. A. Hessey, St. John's College, Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Dalton, Pembroke College, grand compounder; Rev. W. F. Audland, fellow of Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. B. Maule, Christ Church College; H. L. Armitage, Worcester College; J. D. Coleridge, Exeter College; Rev. H. M. White, fellow of New College; J. R. Moorsom, scholar of University College; Rev. W. J. Jenkins, fellow of Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir J. Gibbons, Bart., grand compounder, J. J. Joyce, Magdalen Hall; H. O. Wilson, Worcester Coll.; G. M. Innes, Christ Ch. Coll.; G. H. Potter, Queen's College; E. G. Hunt, E. B. Roger, fellow, Exeter College; B. O. Jones, Brasenose; F. W. Parker, C. A. Marrett, Pembroke College; F. Masterman, Wadham College; C. Cookson, fellow, F. Smith, St. John's College; J. B. Woolcombe, Trinity College; C. F. Hayden, scholar of Corpus Christi College; T. E. Espin, J. Oates, W. Ince, scholars, M. H. Goodwin, G. B. Pix, E. C. Lowe, Lincoln College; W. Bright, G. H. Curteis, T. V. French, scholars of University College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—C. Bisset, Clare Hall.

Master of Arts.—H. Wright, Catherine Hall.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 3d.—Lord Mahon in the chair. The evening was almost entirely occupied with a long, and, in some respects, rather rambling, paper, though exhibiting considerable research, on the history of William de Warrenne and his wife Gundreda, the founders of Lewes Priory, by Mr. Blaauw. Mr. Blaauw attempts to prove (in opposition to the opinion set forth by Mr. Stapleton and others) that Gundreda was the daughter of William the Conqueror. The paper was followed by a slight discussion; but the persons who took part in it spoke so low and indistinctly that we could not gather the purport of it.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 21st.—Mr. Charles Elliott in the chair. Col. Sykes read to the meeting a letter which he had received from Assistant-Surgeon Elijah Impey, of the Bombay army; who, although a stranger to him, had written in consequence of the interest he had taken in Buddhist antiquities. This gentleman, while his troop of horse artillery occupied Mhow, in Malwa, took the opportunity of visiting the most remarkable places, within a circuit of thirty miles, for the purpose of looking for Buddhist remains. To this he had been induced by the accounts of Capt. Dangerfield, and of Col. Tod and Delamaine. While engaged in this investigation, Mr. Impey heard of the Burringui—a figure

cut out of the rock, in the Satpoorah range, which he determined to visit. On his arrival there, he was much struck with the extraordinary character of the figure; which he states to be colossal, far beyond anything he has seen or heard of in India, its height being above 60 feet. It has all the well-known characteristics of Buddha; the curled hair,* perfect nakedness, the lotus on the breast, and placid benignity of countenance. Mr. Impey took a sketch of this figure, as well as of a temple built upon the hill above it; and appears to have forwarded them, but which have not yet been received. The hill is more than 1800 feet above the sea level, and innumerable figures of Buddha lie scattered about on the surface of the earth. The place is in the district of Nimar, in the valley of the Nirbudda, twenty-five miles from the caves of Baug.

Col. Sykes also read a letter from a friend, mentioning the recent finding, near Junir, fifty miles north of Poona, above the Ghauts, of a pot of ancient coins, with the cave character on one side, and a head, with the Greek word for "king," on the other: some of these he promised to transmit. He states, also, that some of the coins were of gold; but as the government lay claim to all the precious metals found, these are usually melted down by the discoverers.

Col. Sykes added, that the Court of Directors, on being made acquainted with the discovery, with their customary promotion of research directed the Bombay government to secure some of these coins to extend the important collection already in the museum of the India House.

Mr. J. Lawford, Col. G. P. Le Mesurier, and Mr. J. Warden, were elected resident members of the Society; Signor Noy, of Venice, was elected a corresponding member.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Pathological, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M. Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; British Archaeological, 8½ P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 3½ P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE WELLINGTON GROUP.

THE Government has at last officially signified the final determination to displace the Wellington Statue from the Arch at Hyde Park Corner, and erect it somewhere on a pedestal to be designed and executed under its own direction, and at its own expense. In the palmy days of ancient and heroic Rome the taking down of a public statue was a mark of the foulest indignity which could be offered to the individual who had been thus honoured; and it is something of a painful analogy to see such a proceeding adopted towards the Hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo; aggravated by the act being committed at his very door (in his presence, as it were), and during his life-time! The matter altogether appears to be clumsy and inexplicable. We have before us the account of the original motion and early proceedings, so long ago as June 1837, and June 1838; at the latter of which dates it describes what had been done and was doing. There we find that on the 16th the Duke of Rutland, Lords Londonderry, Aberdeen, Beresford, Hill, and other members of the Subcommittee, waited upon and had an interview with the illustrious Duke, who was made acquainted with the business in a simply eloquent address by the Duke of Rutland. His Grace stated that he had been honoured with an audience by her Majesty, "who had been graciously pleased to express an

* Literally, a cap.

interest in the project, had given her consent to the erection of an Equestrian Statue upon the summit of the Triumphal Arch opposite Apsley House; and it was the fervent prayer of himself, as he was sure it was of all who heard him, that his Grace might live through many and many a long year to see from his own windows a proud testimonial of the gratitude of an admiring country. The Committee had selected Matthew Cotes Wyatt, Esq., as the sculptor to be employed upon the intended work, and they hoped that his Grace would have the goodness to allow Mr. Wyatt occasionally to communicate with him, in order to ensure to the utmost possible extent, perfection in its execution."

To which the Duke of Wellington replied: "My Lord Duke, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I cannot find words to express the satisfaction and gratitude which I feel upon receiving from your Grace these reports of the proceedings of yourself and other distinguished individuals, and of the public at large, with a view to the erection in this part of the metropolis of a memorial of the services in which it has been my lot to be engaged."

Here we find the site fixed, the Queen approving, and afterwards subscribing 500 guineas, and Prince Albert 100 guineas, to the design; and the object of this proud national tribute congratulating himself and the deputation on the part of the metropolis selected for the site: and a change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams; in seven years the great work is completed, and put up, to be taken down!!! Such is the state of the case: explain it who can. We confess to our inability, and at the same time to a feeling of strong commiseration for the condition of the Fine Arts in this country. The blight upon them since the days of Charles the First we had hoped might be remedied; but almost every new event connected with them seems to prove that we are more a commercial and money-making than a refined and elevated people. Intrigue, and want of taste and judgment, and vulgar and ignorant clamour, are as yet too potent for our arrival at the eminence so obviously within our reach under better auspices, with the genius which is incontrovertibly British.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS held their annual general meeting on Monday last, when the president, secretary, and treasurer—Messrs. Copley Fielding, John W. Wright, and F. Mackenzie—were unanimously re-elected.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS. At the meeting on Monday, Mr. Tite, V.P., read an interesting paper on the course of lectures delivered at the Royal Academy by Sir John Soane in 1817, when he was professor of architecture there. Some of the beautiful drawings which illustrated them were exhibited from the Soane Museum.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen, 18th Nov. 1846.

As a personal friend, and the translator of Mr. H. C. Andersen's sketches of travel, entitled *A Poet's Bazaar*, it was my intention to have written to you some time ago, to thank you for the very liberal manner in which you have at all times noticed his productions. Unforeseen circumstances obliged me to delay my communication until to-day, which, however, I do not regret, and trust you will not; as it affords me an opportunity of transmitting to you some news relative to the Danish poet Oehlenschläger.* My first communication would have related solely to Andersen, to whom I made known your notice of the *Poet's Bazaar*, and others of his works, in the *Literary Gazette*, and the kind wishes therein expressed towards him. He has desired me to say that he returns you his sincere thanks for your friendly expressions regarding his welfare,—that he considers your Journal the principal medium through which his writings have been made

known to the English public; and that, as he is now restored to health, he looks forward with pleasure to the coming year, when he intends visiting a nation with which he has been too long unacquainted. The letter written to you by Mr. Ainsworth (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1551, p. 877,) afforded him much pleasure, as it called to mind some pleasant reminiscences of travel.

The following notice respecting Oehlenschläger may not be unacceptable to your readers:—On Saturday the 14th of November, the veteran author completed his sixty-seventh year, and on that evening the new tragedy from his pen, entitled *Amlæth*, was produced here at the Royal Theatre, and met with deserved success. The plot is taken from the same *Saga* in the Danish history by Saxo,* as the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare, but treated differently; Oehlenschläger having, almost entirely throughout the play, kept strictly to history, with the exception of sending *Amlæth* to a vice-king in Vensyssel, in order to have him murdered, instead of to England. The preface to *Amlæth*, just published, will, perhaps, best explain the author's views and intentions in writing this tragedy, and the manner in which he has avoided any collision with our great dramatist:

"It may perhaps appear daring to have treated a subject which gave occasion to one of Shakspeare's master-pieces. *Hamlet* and this drama certainly resemble each other in name, and partly in fable; but the composition, the drawing of the characters, and the age depicted, are so different, that there can be just as little said about comparison as of imitation. Shakspeare took a tradition from history, without regard to the time in which the hero lived; and treated it freely, after his own ideas. His *Hamlet* is a feeling philosophic young prince, who has studied at Wittenberg,—a profound romantic sentimentality constitutes the basis of his character, united with a spirit certainly beautiful and lofty, but by no means heroic. The consciousness of a want of power to revenge his father makes the youth desperate, and this despair brings him, who is otherwise formed to love his fellow-men, to despise himself and the whole of human nature as weak and miserable. Thus his thoughts and feelings hover in a poetic twilight of partly assumed and partly real insanity; and in portraying this the poet shewed his great genius.

"But *Amlæth* is not alone the name for a vague story; he appears in Saxo as a remarkable young hero and Danish king in the olden times. Already in the oldest times, our forefathers felt that spirit and understanding must be united with bodily strength when the hero was to distinguish himself. The northern mythology abounds in beautiful poetical compositions which express this; and even in history—in the interim where a belief in the Gods began to disappear, and Christianity was not yet introduced (the real barbaric age),—we find in the *Sagas*, in Nials for instance, always much esteem for sagacity, which was called cunning. This must naturally, when exaggerated and partial, like valour, often degenerate into something bad. Thus we see that the substance of the Icelandic *Sagas* frequently consists of cunning judicial proceedings and cruel private revenge. But that there should in that olden time appear a hero who uses and applies this cunning to a noble purpose, with sense and discretion, is a beautiful feature, and ought not, it appears to me, to be wanting in that gallery of historical pictures which I have, from time to time, presented to my countrymen.

"Ewald,† in his time, felt that this subject might be treated in a national manner, and intended to write an *Amlæth*. I have here ventured to do it, and hope not to be reproached for having treated a subject which a great poet has already used in another manner. I have tried something similar before, without reproach;—*Baldur the Good suc-*

ceeded Ewald's *Baldur's Death*; the shooting of an apple from the son's head in Schiller's *William Tell* and in my *Palnatoke*, although similar in occurrence, have entirely different characters. For it is not the subject, but the composition—the drawing of the characters, and the diction—that makes the works so different, and gives them their individual worth. It was with this feeling that poets, the ancient as well as the modern, often treated the same subject with success."

The following are the characters represented:—

FENGO	King of Jutland.
GERUTH	His Queen.
AMLETH	His Stepson.
SIGRID	Amlæth's Bride.
HUMBLE	A Bard.
GUNDHILD	Sigrid's Nurse.
GYDA	An old Witch.
THRYM	Her young Kinsman.
A Stonecutter	(Carver of Runes.)
Three Serfs	to Fengo.
VIFIL	Chief of the Army, and Chamberlain.
ROSK	Chief Yeomen or Halberdiers.
HUGLEIK	A tributary King in Vensyssel.
HADDING	His Sacrificial Priest.
THORALD	Hadding's Serfs.
GLUM	
SKAMMEL	
A Fisherman.	
A Fisherman.	
Other Men and Women.	

I need scarcely add, that the characters were well supported by the performers. The piece was repeated on Monday, the 16th, and is announced for repetition on Friday, the 20th: on each night the house has been filled.

FRANCE.

Paris, December 1st, 1846.

M. POUSSARD's tragedy, *Agnès de Méranie*, before engrossing the mind of the learned public, has singularly agitated the denizens of the Palais de Justice. The lessee of the Odéon had engaged for the principal part in this play, so impatiently desired, a young provincial actress, whose many triumphs, honourably won, pointed her out for such flattering selection. Mdlle. Araldi accordingly came to Paris; and it was agreed in writing, between her and M. Bocage, the lessee, that if she elicited applause in the character of *Phèdre*, the part of *Agnès* would immediately be intrusted to her. The execution of this promise was guaranteed under a penalty of 50,000 francs, she being bound in the same sum to accept the part.

Mdlle. Araldi played *Phèdre* and was applauded; the part of *Agnès* was consequently given to her; but, at the rehearsals, M. Pousard fancied that she did not read the character of his heroine as he had conceived it; and Mad. Dorval, for whom he had originally written the part of *Agnès*, being now enabled to perform, in consequence of her restored health, he took the part away from Mdlle. Araldi, for the purpose of intrusting it to an actress more experienced, if not more clever.

Mdlle. Araldi, however, had no notion of allowing herself to be thus dispossessed of the advantages assured to her by the contract she had entered into. She accordingly sued MM. Bocage and Pousard before the civil tribunal of the Seine, claiming from them either the part of *Agnès* or the 50,000 francs, as stipulated. The matter was argued five days back before a numerous audience; and the judgment, given the day before yesterday, decreed, that if M. Pousard, who had signed no engagement with Mdlle. Araldi, was at liberty to deprive her of the trust he had placed in her, and of the principal character in his play, the lessee of the Odéon stood in quite a different position; and he is consequently duly sentenced to abide by the terms of the contract, viz. to give up the part of *Agnès*, or pay the penalty. And in order that he may not, by dint of delay, elude the execution of his promise, the tribunal further decrees that the rehearsals of the play are to be resumed within a fortnight, and that the first representation is to take place before six weeks. People generally agree in finding that Justice has shewn herself somewhat rigorous on this occasion. For, in fact, she declares

* Printed erroneously Oehlenschläger in our last.

* Better known as Saxo Grammaticus, the learned Danish historian who flourished in the twelfth century.
† A Danish poet and dramatist of some celebrity; born 1736, died 1781.

M. Pousard he may think M. Bocage compelled which he is without and fulfil The plea of Mdlle. and in a that the lation. Ba fight; an apology; ate.

The Ac had pred hailed wi produced of dishev and those These gov stunning raged at modestly the hand study also reach wit secession Constituti Gautier, rapins an plote the its favour European I will t Tunis, al Pacha arc will only cribed to 2000l. to late inau niable au provided (320,000l ever, is n few weeks

Approp journalist one single ing praise Mr. Pick Shakspear of the rev centricit do with h the honou of your ce drew a r larly with like abod

Here i from the banquet Literary tion of Cl tion of fr with muc or again Under th tations o favoured, every thi are those heeds the I have which hav the origi They are Sir Dudd

* Permi letter. The total price ascribed to

M. Pousard entirely free from all engagement; he may then, if he pleases, take his play away from M. Bocage; and the latter would thus find himself compelled, in consequence of such determination, which he would be unable to resist, and which yet is without his control, to pay a considerable sum, and fulfil the conditions of a ruinous engagement. The pleading was very excited. The advocate of Mdlle. Araldi especially, transgressed all bounds; and in speaking of M. Bocage used such terms that the latter thought proper to require satisfaction. Barristers, however, are seldom inclined to fight; and this gentleman preferred sending an apology, which put an end to that part of the debate.

The Academy of the Fine Arts has elected, as we had predicted, M. Brascassat. This nomination, hailed with joy by the *élite* of our *dilettanti*, has produced a fit of *furor* amongst our coteries of dishevelled artists, "misunderstood poets," and those of our critics who affect eccentricity. These good folk, prone to long beards, greasy hair, stunning paradox, and nebulous theories, are enraged at finding that a man of real merit, who kept modestly in the back ground, sought no puffing at the hands of his friends, and looked forward to study alone for his ever increasing success, could reach without them, nay in spite of them, this consecration of all sterling renown. M. Thoré, of the *Constitutionnel*; M. Houssaye, of the *Artiste*; M. Gautier, of the *Presse*; and a few other literary rapins and would-be painters, will assuredly deplore the selection of the Academy. But it has in its favour the good sense of the public, and the European popularity of M. Brascassat.*

I will not give you any account of the Bey of Tunis, albeit the sayings and doings of Achmet Pacha are faithfully chronicled by our papers. I will only mention an act of Oriental liberality ascribed to this Mauritanean Lion, who has presented 2000*l.* to the town of Roanne, devastated by the late inundations. I have it, however, from undeniable authority, that this unparalleled traveller provided himself with a sum of 8,000,000 francs (320,000*l.*) for his Continental tour, which, however, is not to be extended beyond the term of a few weeks.

Appros of the visit of Mr. C. Dickens, many journalists, incapable of having read in the original one single work of his, labour to shower blundering praises upon him. One solemnly declares that Mr. Pickwick "has all the importance of one of Shakespeare's heroes." *Ex uno disce omnes!* One of the reviews also asserts that "the luxurious eccentricities of M. Dickens have had a great deal to do with his reputation." From me, who have had the honour of being admitted in London to the home of your celebrated novelist, this strange assertion drew a roar of laughter; for it contrasted singularly with the elegant simplicity of his gentleman-like abode.

Here is another bit of pleasantry, extracted from the same Review:—"It is asserted that a banquet will shortly be offered to M. Dickens by a Literary Society, recently formed under the appellation of *Club du Roman Feuilleton*, and that the question of free literary interchange will be discussed with much warmth. Our *Basilist* and *Ortolan*, for or against the system, will speak in succession. Under the provisions of a low tariff, the importations of each country's productions are to be favoured." Thus, you see, little minds parody every thing; even Cobden and Dickens. Happy are those who provide food for them—mad is he who heeds their diminutive teeth.

I have just read in a special review some letters which have, perhaps, been published in England; for the originals are said to be in the State-Paper Office. They are from the pen of Rubens, and addressed to Sir Dudley Carleton, then ambassador of James I.

in the Low Countries. He had previously spent five years in Venice, where he had formed a fine collection of antique marbles. Rubens proposed that he should exchange them for some paintings by himself, and this proposal gave rise to the correspondence alluded to. It is a curious one in many respects; and we have been most struck by the manifest dignity and becoming good-breeding with which the ambassador and artist treat each other, in spite of the spirit of the period and the difference of rank. Rubens explicitly discloses to Sir Dudley Carleton the motives which induce him to give his paintings, in preference to money, in exchange for the marbles.

"The motive is evident," he says, "which induces me to prefer dealing in paintings. For albeit, in the estimation of my paintings the price has been duly and justly determined, still they cost me nothing, and we are ever more liberal with the fruits that grow in our own garden than of those we buy in the market. And, further, I have this year expended some thousands of florins on my house, and for the sake of a mere caprice I am unwilling to exceed the bounds of a wise economy. In fact, I am not a prince, *sed quæ manducat laborem manuum suarum.*"

To this avowal, so simple, so candid, and made with such good taste, Sir D. Carleton answers in these terms: "The *Susanna* must be very handsome, that she may inspire love in age itself. I entertain no fears on the score of propriety, having to deal with a person so proper and honourable. I rely, then, in all and for all, upon the contents of your last two letters. With this one exception, however, that I cannot subscribe to that part of the first in which you defend yourself from being a prince; for you are undoubtedly the prince of painters and of gallant men (*perchè lo stimo principe di pittori e galant uomini*)."

This is a handsome patent of nobility which your ambassador sends to the king of sensual painting. He does not confine himself to this politeness; for he demands, as a condition of the bargain, that Rubens should send him a portrait of himself; this condition was of course complied with. The exchange took place; and Sir D. Carleton obtained, in lieu of his marbles and a bonus of 2,000 florins—nine original paintings, of which I annex a list and the price:

Daniel surrounded by Lions (12 ft. by 8).	600
Leopards with Satyrs and Nymphs (11 ft. by 9).	600
Lion Hunt (11 ft. by 8).	600
St. Peter collecting the Fish Tax (8 ft. by 7).	500
Susanna in the Bath (5 ft. by 7).	300
St. Sebastian—nude—(4 ft. by 7).	300
Prometheus bound—the Eagle by Snyders—(8 ft. by 6).	500
Leda (10 ft. by 7).	500
Sarah upbraiding Hagar (3½ ft. by 2½, on panel).	100

They were presented by Sir Dudley Carleton to King Charles I., who created him Viscount Dorchester. Later, Rubens sold the marbles which he got in exchange to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

On the list of new books, I will merely mention an historical pamphlet of M. Capefigue, "Diplomatie de le France et de l'Espagne, 1698-1846." A "Histoire de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris," by M. Leroux de Lincy, and some "Souvenirs de Voyage," by M. X. Marmier, who has just been appointed conservator of a public library. Amongst non-literary books, I notice this title, which gives promise of some racy revelations, "Histoire d'une jeune Vivandière de l'Armée d'Afrique, tombée au pouvoir des Arabes."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO EX-SHERIFF LAURIE. This gratifying ceremony took place at Mr. Wire's residence, Lewisham, the plate being presented by the Lord Mayor, with a very judicious address, in which he dwelt upon Mr. Laurie's general benevolence and munificence during his shrievalty; but more particularly on that fine humanity which had led him to examine into the unhappy fate of prisoners after their discharge from gaol, and his

efforts to procure a remedy for this lamentable condition. His exertions, of all which his lordship highly approved, and in the latter case especially trusted that success would attend them, and that they would be aided by all the influence and authority of the city of London, had procured him this splendid testimonial of approbation from his fellow-citizens; which he wished him long life to enjoy, and hand down as an heirloom and bright example to his children; and a proof that those who felt for others, even the most degraded and wretched of their species, and did their utmost to restore them to the paths of industry and virtue, would have their merits acknowledged by all good men. Mr. Wire also addressed the assembly, about a hundred in number, in an impressive manner; and Mr. Laurie returned thanks in a very feeling, and evidently unpremeditated, speech. The plate consisted of a magnificent candelabrum for the centre of a table, a handsome rose-water dish, ewer, &c.; a portion of the service to be completed by other pieces. On the principal articles an inscription recorded the worthy Sheriff's admirable discharge of his onerous duties; and among the rest, his earnest endeavours to mitigate the rigour of the law by the exercise of judicious and temperate appeals to mercy; and more particularly for the efforts made by him to awaken public attention to the present state of our prisons and prisoners, with a view to obtain a more effectual system of secondary punishment, and to promote the reformation of prisoners, and to obtain employment for those discharged from custody without home, character, or friends.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—*La Verve*, a composition of miscellaneous dancing and dancers, was produced here on Wednesday, and requires no comment.

Haymarket.—*The Young Pretender*, a slight drama, with some pretty music, by Mrs. G. A. a'Becket, was produced here on Saturday, and well received. It is a mere trifle, founded on an incident in the escape of Prince Charles, in which the Jacobitism of an Irish adherent, Hudson, is opposed to the Hanoverianism of a militia-officer, Buckstone. But the main feature in the piece, and that which tells most, is the exhibition of Miss P. Horton in the Highland costume; and a gallant, dashing springald she makes.

French Plays.—On Monday, Perlet made his debut as *St. Jean*, in *L'Ambassadeur* (Brohan Lannetta); and on Wednesday in the more various character of the hero in *Le Comédien d'Etampes*, in both of which he was eminently successful. His conceptions are admirable, and his finish is perfect. The countenance of the lady is almost too fine and Grecian for *soubrette* parts; and, excellent as she is, we fancy there is a slight coarseness about her personations, as if she aimed to make up in manner what is incongenial in looks. She is, nevertheless, a great favourite with us.

The Sacred Harmonic Society performed Handel's *Solomon* on Wednesday evening, at Exeter Hall, with good effect, though it is one of the least effective of his great works.

Mr. Severn's Concert in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening, was a bumper; and the compositions, chiefly his own, went off with great applause.

Théâtre Montpensier.—The new Théâtre Montpensier in Paris is on the eve of completion, and bids fair, in point of convenience, size, and splendour, to outstrip its elderly brethren in the theatre-loving city. The construction of this building presents one or two useful hints: the great facilities, for instance, it affords for ingress and egress. This important point, which is so little attended to in most theatres, even in those of recent date, and which involves at all times the convenience of the public, and often its very safety, is admirably contrived within the limited space occupied by the Théâtre Montpensier. The staircases, instead of being solid and straight, are in the form of a double

* Permit me to rectify an error which crept in my last letter. The sum intended to convey the amount of the total price of the collection I mentioned was erroneously ascribed to each painting of the collection.

spiral, built in a light perforated style, affording room for the simultaneous passage of two streams within the same space a single descent would occupy in a more clumsy contrivance. The building, intended to contain 2000 spectators, is in the form of an ellipse, transversely to the proscenium. This arrangement has the great advantage that all the seats have an uninterrupted view of the stage. The usual large central chandelier is converted into two smaller luminaries, whereby the light is more generally diffused, and the denizens of the upper centre boxes and galleries have not their sight injured or directly interrupted. The company engaged comprises a list of twenty-five actors and twelve actresses, amongst whom figure some well-known names. The new theatre will open very shortly with a drama, in fifteen tableaux, by M. Alex. Dumas and Maquet, *La Reine Margot* (probably adapted from his celebrated novel). It is asserted that 200 actors will appear on the stage. We hope this number will convey to the Parisian mind an adequate idea of the wholesale slaughter which hurried poor old Coligny and his co-religionists into eternity; for such, we presume, is the intended tableau.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG: THE FAIRY-KING.

Who says the gentle elfin race
Hath vanish'd like the wind,
Nor left a single verdant trace
Or flow'ry track behind?
Who dares to say the meads no more
With fairy gems are pearl'd?
What treason to the conqueror
Who rules our inner world?
In Fairyland's most hallowed spring
He dips his sceptre dart:
Love is the only Fairy-king,
The Oberon of the heart!

The little love-god, first of sprites,
Wears on his sunny brow
A crown of hopes and soft delights,
And smiles of rosy glow.
His elves, gay sports, their master meet
With airy dance, and spread
Sweet blossoms at his sovereign feet,
And ever 'neath his tread
All round the emerald fairy ring
Its freshness doth impart,
Blest foot-print of our bosom-king,
Our Oberon of the heart!

His fairy-favours kisses are,
His throne's a throne of hearts,
His natural magic mightier far
Than sorcery's mightiest arts.
His signal-flag a blush, his wand
Of power the lightest touch
Of fondness from the loved one's hand—
What wand can charm so much?
Oh! ere thou from our sphere take wing
May life itself depart,
Love, witching Love! thou Fairy-king,
Thou Oberon of the heart!

ELEANOR DABBY.

VARIETIES.

Warner's Long Range is stated by the *Globe* newspaper to have been tried in the Isle of Anglesey, and proved an utter failure. The witnesses and umpires were Capt. Chads, R.N., Col. Chalmers, R.E., and Col. Dundas, R.A. Mr. Warner was allowed to conduct the experiments entirely in his own way; and the shells were fired towards a tree, marked for the distance, but none ranged to the extent of three miles. Thus the government-supply of 1500*l.*, announced in our *Gazette*, to meet the expense, has been blown away.

Wonderful Geological Discovery.—It is asserted from Natchez, America, and published in the *Edinburgh Register*, that Dr. Dickson, of Philadelphia, had exhumed a fossil pelvis human bone on the banks of the Mississippi, one hundred feet below the surface; and contemporaneous with the remains of primeval creatures, such as megatherium, megatonyx, &c. This specimen is put forward to overthrow the geological system which supposes the world to have existed for millions of years before the creation of man, and support the literal interpretation of the Mosaic account.

A New Niagara.—There has been a new waterfall discovered in the river St. Louis. This cataract falls into the western part of Lake Superior, which has never yet been described by the geographer. It would appear that this new wonder is second only to the Falls of Niagara. The volume of water is immense, and the height of the fall is 50 feet.—*La Revue Canadienne.*

John Russell, Esq., advocate, and author of *A Tour in Germany*, one of the best and most popular views of the country which has been presented to the British public, died on the 30th ult. at Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, in the prime of life, but long seared by severe illness from his profession and those literary pursuits to which he was much attached. Mr. John Russell was brother to Mr. Russell the eminent pleader at our Chancery bar; and an individual of very agreeable manners and great intelligence. Good-humoured, unassuming, and well informed, his society and conversation were of that pleasing description which ever left a grateful recollection on the mind, together with matter to augment its stores of the useful and instructive. We climbed Ben Nevis with him; and now send back a mournful tribute to that day of rare enjoyment, toil, and social happiness.

George Darley, Esq., the true poet and author of several admirable works, died on Monday week, having of late years lived in a retired manner from public life. He was born in Ireland, and with an irresistible disposition towards literature, he came to London to adopt that thankless and precarious pursuit; though debarred from the chief pleasures of social intercourse by an impediment in his speech, for which he unfortunately never consulted Mr. Thomas Hunt. His poems are full of imagination and beauty; and we trust that a collection of them will be made and published for the honour of his memory, and the transmission of his name with due distinction to posterity. His *Silvia*, *Errors of Extasie*, and *Labours of Idleness*; and, indeed, all his writings, eminently merit this tribute.

M. Gatayes.—Lately died in Paris, M. Gatayes, a musical writer of some reputation abroad. The history of this composer is somewhat singular. A younger son in a noble family, and originally destined for the Church, in accordance with the French practice he entered a *séminaire*; but his early taste for music overruled duty, and he actually used to practise many of his songs upon a chordless guitar for the purpose of concealment. The Revolution broke out, and Gatayes, freed from restraint, was enabled fully to indulge his passion for melody, heedless of the horrors perpetrated round him. A lodger in the house where he lived, struck by his talent, desired to see him. That man was Marat! Marat, who became his friend and protected him throughout that sanguinary period. Even did we possess the vivid imagination of the Greeks, what myth could embody the miracle of this new Orpheus? During the sway of Napoleon, Gatayes became the intimate friend of Prince Poinatowsky, and was favourably received at court. Later, on the death of his brother, he might have succeeded to the title; but to his last day he was known under the name he had consigned to fame.—*From a Correspondent.*

M. Michelet.—The Paris papers announce the death of the celebrated historian Michelet, whose late work, called "Priests, Women, and Families," excited so much attention.

Suttee Abolished.—The Government Gazette of the 7th instant contained a proclamation, which will every where excite the interest of philanthropists. It is for the abolition of the rite of *suttee* in the state of Jeypore, by an unanimous vote of the regency; and Major Ludlow, the political agent, writes that they are desirous of extending the prohibition to the neighbouring states. This is the first instance of the voluntary relinquishment of any of the barbarous practices connected with religion in this country by any native power, and it proves that British influence is powerful for good when properly directed.—*Indian Journals.*

Newspaper-iana.—An advertisement for a lost youth, on Wednesday, states that his initials are "W. Whittaker, Oldbury, Birmingham;" and on Thursday, Mr. Humfrey, the barrister, is reported to have said, "No doubt the Dukes of Wellington, Argyll, Cleveland, the late Lord Wharncliffe, and a host [ghost?] of others, would be surprised to-morrow to learn that Lord Maidstone had charged them with being idle and evil-disposed persons; i. e. in belonging to Crockford's Club."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The New Speaker and Holiday Task-Book, by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., 12mo, roan, 6s.—Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, 2d edit. 3 vols. 8vo, 2*l.* 2s.—My Youthful Companion, by the Author of "My School-Boy Days," 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Kenrick's Exposition, 3 vols. 8vo, 14s.—D'Arbly's Letters and Diary, Vol. VII, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Boha's Library: Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated, fol. 1*l.* 7s. 6d.—Napier's Florentine History, Vol. II, post 8vo, 3s.—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, by Dyce, 11 vols. 8vo, 6*l.* 12s.—January-Eve, by Geo. Soane, E.A., fcp. 5s.—Dr. Rowe on Nervous Diseases, 9th edit. 8vo, 5s. 6d.—Dr. A. White on Plague and Quarantine, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Great Commandment, by the Author of "The Listener," fcp. 6s.—The Rev. C. Bridge's Exposition of the Book of Proverbs, 2 vols. 12mo, 12s.—Wells's Picturesque Antiquities of Spain, 2d edit. royal 8vo, 1*l.* 1s.—Smith's Streets of London, 2 vols. 8vo, 2d edit. 1*l.* 2s.—Blessington's Femme de Chambre, 3 vols. post 8vo, 2d edit. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Freemason's Pocket-Book and Diary for 1847, 2s. 6d.—Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Vol. II, 8vo, 1*l.* 16s.—The Chess-Player's Chronicle, Vol. VII, 8vo, 15s.—A Catholic History of England, by W. B. McCabe, Vol. I, 8vo, 18s.—Shaw's Union-Office Manual for 1847, 12mo, 4s.—Valentine MacCutchy, the Irish Agent, by W. Carleton, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Lucetta; or, the Children of the Night, by Sir E. B. Lytton, 3 vols. p. 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—The Sequel to Old Jolliffe, fcp. 2s.—History of Don Quixote, from the Spanish of Cervantes, a new edit. with Life of the Author, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—A Companion for my Young Friend, 18mo, 1*l.* 6d.—Melville's Sermons on Public Occasions, 8vo, bds. 10s. 6d.—Bogue's Library, Vol. XIV, Lives of the Puritans, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Weale's Engineer's and Contractor's Pocket-Book, roan gilt, 6s.—The Banking Almanac Directory for 1847, 8vo, 5s.—Le Keux's Cambridge, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 4s.—Ditto, 2 vols. imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Ditto, 2 vols. 4to, 2*l.* 2s.—Emma de Lissas, new edit. 12mo, 7s.—Montgomery's (Mrs.) Ashton Hall, fcp. 3s. 6d.—Abbottford Waverley, Half-Volumes, Part I, Count Robert of Paris, roy. 8vo, 15s.—Ditto, Part II, Castle Dangerous, roy. 8vo, 15s.—Waverley Novels, People's Edition, Vol. V, cloth, 10s.; sewed, 9s.—Anthon's Virgil's *Æneid*, with English Notes, edited by Rev. W. Trollope, 12mo, roan, 8s. 6d.—Short Meditations for every Day in the Year, by F. W. Hook, Part I, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.; mor. 10s. 6d.—Barnes of the Corinthians and Galatians, Vol. I, 4s.—(Cumming's edition), cl. 2s. 6d.; sewed, 2s.—The Church in the House, and other Tracts, by the Rev. J. Hamilton, 18mo, 2s.—The Last Day, 2d edit. 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Irish Diamonds, by J. Smith, illustrated by Phiz, fcp. 5s.—China: Political and Commercial, &c., Part I, by M. Martin, 8vo, 6s.—History of the Sikhs, by Dr. W. L. M'Gregor, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 1*l.* 4s.—Logie, by J. Leachman, A.M., 3d edit. 1*l.* 4s.—The Library, Vol. XV, Animals, Vol. I, fcp. 4s. 6d.—Excitement for 1847, coloured, 4s. 6d.; plain, 3s. 6d.—A Danish Story-Book, by Andersen, coloured, 4s. 6d.—The Nightingale, by ditto, coloured, 4s. 6d.—Drury's Arundines Cami, 8vo, 3d edit. 12s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.

67 We have again to request our friends and subscribers to lose no time in making up their volumes of the *Literary Gazette* (enlarged Series, of which the present is the 42d No.) for the year 1846, by procuring any back numbers in which they may be deficient. We have also to solicit the favour of early orders, through all respectable publishers, booksellers, and newsvendors, from those who purport to commence the year 1847 with this journal.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke's appeal to "women, and Englishwomen in particular," to subscribe for a statue in honour of Shakespeare, as the greatest benefactor of womankind, is a good idea, and we heartily wish it success.

Dr. Esdale's mesmeric successes in India are loudly proclaimed. His removal of an enormous tumour, 10*l*bs. weight, whilst the patient remained unconscious, is at least a great operation.

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40	1 8 10	2 11 8			
50	1 15 9	3 11 6			

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This day is published, price 6d., A REPORT of the ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the AUXILIARY SOCIETY founded by the Relieved Patients, in aid of the above-named Parent Institution, held on Wednesday, July 22d, 1846.

A personal of this pamphlet is recommended to all who desire to promote works of charity and benevolence, and more especially to the many who can personally sympathise with the feelings of the members of this Society.

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